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ONE SHILLING.



PRINCE ALBERT.

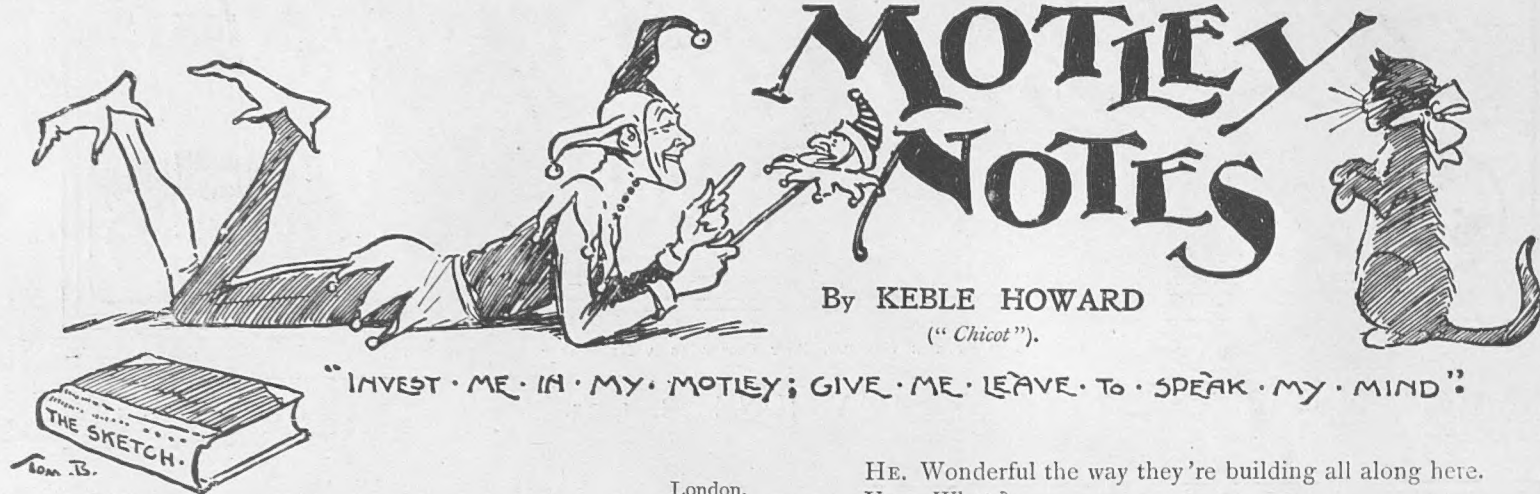
PRINCESS MARY. PRINCE EDWARD. PRINCE GEORGE.

PRINCE HENRY.

THE ELEVENTH BIRTHDAY OF PRINCE EDWARD: THE CHILDREN OF THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES.

The little Princes Edward and Albert of Wales are becoming quite public personages, accompanying their father on numerous occasions of State and Semi-State, witness, for instance, the Royal opening of the London County Council's steamboat service the other day. They are also by way of being sportsmen, and on Friday last, the occasion of the eleventh birthday of Prince Edward, each captained an eleven of young Etonians in a cricket-match played on the ground, near Frogmore Cottage, recently laid out for the use of the Royal Household Cricket Club by King Edward. During this match the famous Besses o' th' Barn band, the members of which are all Lancashire workmen, played a selection of music. Prince Edward Albert Christian George Andrew Patrick David was born on June 23, 1894; Prince Albert Frederick Arthur George, on Dec. 14, 1895; Prince Henry William Frederick Albert, on March 31, 1900; Prince George Edward Alexander Edmund, on Dec. 20, 1902; and Princess Victoria Alexandra Alice Mary, on April 25, 1897.

Photograph by W. and D. Downey.



London.

I WAS vastly relieved to learn, on the authority of an eminent physician, that one need never be ashamed of somnolence. Indeed, so much comfort did I find in the article that, without more ado, I threw down my newspaper, turned over, and went to sleep again. That happened before breakfast. After tea, still encouraged by the remarks of the expert, I allowed myself a further period of profound slumber, and that same night I went to bed an hour earlier than usual. Did I sleep as soundly as ever? Rather. Not a muscle did I move until eight o'clock in the morning, when, very reluctantly, I forced myself to drink a cup of tea and read about the stagnant condition of the Stock Exchange and all the other horrors of the previous day. Had I a sufficiently large private income, I think I should arrange to sleep sixteen hours out of the twenty-four, the remaining eight being devoted to taking just enough nourishment and exercise to ensure a continuance of dreamless slumber. Hannibal, I understand, was accustomed to give himself tremendous airs because he had the faculty of instantaneous sleep. By way of showing off, he used to wrap his military cloak about him and lie down in the most public part of the camp. Shocking bad form, of course. Do you suppose that I, though endowed with the same gift, would turn up the lappets of my collar and lie down in the middle of Fleet Street when the traffic was at its thickest?

A writer in the *Lady*, they tell me, is annoyed with nine people out of ten because they would rather talk than listen. She says that "the extraordinary selfishness at the root of this defect is a shock to the optimist who is anxious to think well of human nature." Now, I cannot help feeling that this contributor to the *Lady*—who, by the way, can never lack listeners if she talks as entertainingly as she writes—is taking an unnecessarily harsh view of the subject. There are two reasons, I think, why the average person does not care to listen to the remarks of others. The first is that nearly everybody talks such dismal twaddle. And the second is—for I do not believe that selfishness has anything to do with the matter—that nearly everybody talks too much. Let us, patient reader, examine these two statements. Why do people talk twaddle? Mainly, I believe, because they talk about things they don't understand. And why do they talk about things they don't understand? Because they are afraid to talk "shop." There's the trouble. For some reason or other, we have all been brought up to avoid the very subjects upon which we might possibly have something of interest to say. The modern actor, for instance, is so sensitive about the reputation of the profession for talking shop that he will immediately give you his views on the Test Match or the Fiscal Question. If only he would talk about theatres, even about his own performances, his conversation would be far less tedious.

Even twaddle, though, might possibly be endurable in small quantities. Indeed, I can quite understand the popularity of those people who are sensible enough—or lazy enough—to devote no more than two hours each day to conversational platitudes. But the crying, shrieking nuisance is the man who has become such a confirmed platitudinarian that he can never—if you will pardon a vulgarity—keep his mouth shut. There are few things in this world more trying to the temper than to spend a long, midsummer hour in a railway-carriage with a confirmed platitudinarian. Neither a newspaper nor a magazine will save you from his well-meant intentions. No sooner does the train attain sufficient speed to render conversation an appalling effort than he drags himself to the extreme edge of his seat, taps you on the knee, and applies the torture of the tongue-screw. Here is his method—

HE. Wonderful the way they're building all along here.
 YOU. What?
 HE. Wonderful the way they're building out here now.
 YOU. I didn't quite catch—
 HE. I say, it's wonderful the way they're building all about this part.
 YOU. Yes. Wonderful.
 HE. I can remember when all this was pretty well country.
 YOU. Indeed?
 HE. What?
 YOU. Can you?
 HE. What's that?
 YOU. You said you could remember when all this was pretty well country, didn't you?
 HE. Yes. There's been a wonderful difference these last few years.
 YOU. I suppose so.
 HE. Eh?
 YOU. I SUPPOSE SO!
 HE. Oh, yes, a wonderful difference.
 After a polite, brief interval, you return to your paper. Scarcely have you found your place, though, than he begins again—
 HE. Nasty job, this war.
 YOU. Very.
 HE. Seems to me that the best thing the Russians could do would be to give in before they lose any more battles.
 YOU. Certainly.
 HE. Don't you agree with me?
 YOU. Oh, entirely.
 HE. I thought you said, "Certainly not."
 YOU. No.
 HE. Mind you, we're all entitled to our own opinions.
 YOU. I beg your pardon?
 HE. I say, we're all entitled to our own opinions.
 YOU. Quite so.

The train travels faster, and the roar becomes proportionately louder. You mop your brow, and, somewhat ostentatiously, open a novel. Before you have read three lines, there comes another tap on the knee, herald of agony. The idiot wants to know whether you don't think it a shame that the landscape should be marred with advertisement-boards.

I am upset. It's of no use to conceal it any longer. I am upset. My natural equanimity has deserted me, and I find myself a prey to bitterness. However, there is one consolation: I know the cause of my dissatisfaction. Until Friday morning last I was as blithe as a lambkin, loving the sun, and the airs of heaven, and the sweet, simple pleasures of the country. Who am I, I would ask myself, that I should be allowed to lie in a deck-chair beneath a tree, smoke a pipe, and read a good book? And the very knowledge of my unworthiness made me happier. Then, alas! came the change. I took up a copy of the *Daily Mail*, and read an article by Mr. Frank Richardson. Like myself, Mr. Frank Richardson writes books. Like myself, Mr. Frank Richardson is young. But there, I discovered, the similarity ends. For, in the article that I read, Mr. Richardson described a day in his life. Weep with me, the forlorn and neglected of Fortune, as you read these extracts—

"I returned from Ascot."

"... to dine at the Carlton ..."

"... to the Gaiety we go ..."

"For supper the Savoy is packed ..."

"Yesterday morning I went for my ride in the Park ..."

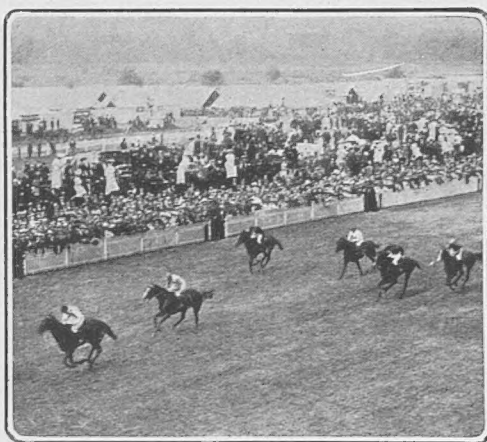
Poor, desolate "Chicot," who can afford none of these swagger ecstasies! Weep with me!

THE MOST FASHIONABLE RACE-MEETING OF THE SEASON:

PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE 1903 ASCOT MEETING.



THE FINISH OF THE GOLD CUP, WON BY LORD HOWARD DE WALDEN'S "ZINFANDEL."



THE FINISH OF THE ROYAL HUNT CUP, WON BY MR. F. ALEXANDER'S "ANDOVER."



HIS MAJESTY'S "CHATSWORTH" (FOURTH), IN THE PARADE FOR THE GOLD CUP.



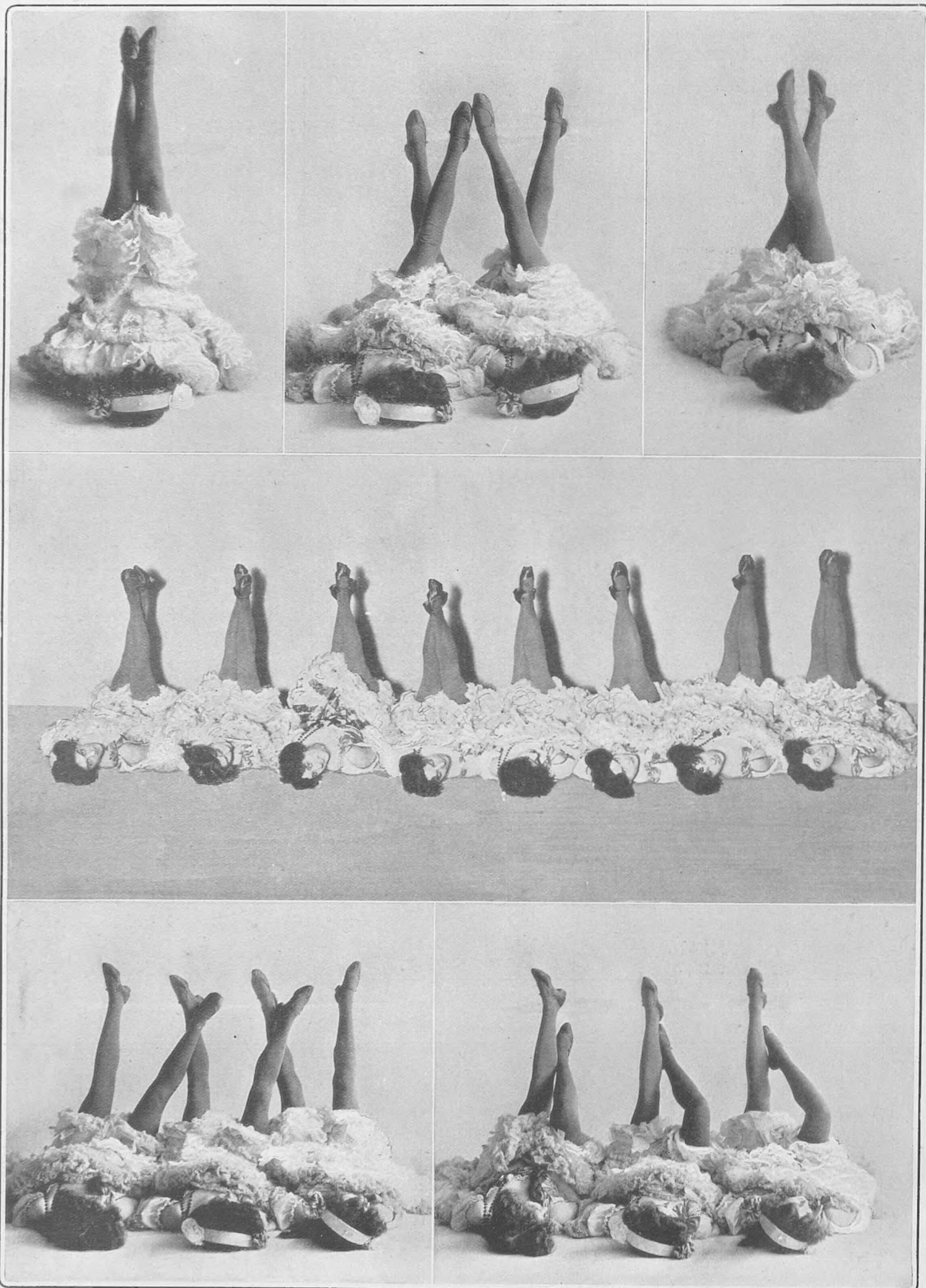
THE ROYAL ENCLOSURE, VIEWED FROM ABOVE.



THEIR MAJESTIES' STATE PROCESSION TO THE COURSE.

Four Photographs by Bowden Brothers; the Photograph of the State Procession by Russell.

THE LATEST FORM OF DANCE: "LA DANSE DES JAMBES EN L'AIR,"
AT THE PALACE.



"La Danse des Jambes en l'Air" by the Palace girls is now one of the features of the Palace programme. The eight girls lie flat on their backs on the stage, and execute a series of steps as though their feet were on the ground.

Photographs by Campbell-Gray.

THEATRICAL NOTES.

While Pamela did not get what she wanted at the Criterion Theatre, for her unacknowledged desire was a notable success, Miss Ethel Irving has been by no means downcast by the fact that she had to withdraw the farce just when the London Season is getting into full swing. She will reopen the Criterion on Saturday next, when a bill made up of two new plays will be presented. These are "Where the Crows Gather," by Mr. Stephen Bond, and "The Axis," by Mr. Cyril Harcourt. Among Miss Irving's associates will be Miss Kate Bishop, Miss Ada Webster, Miss Auriol Lea, and Miss Marie Illington; Messrs. Leslie Faber, Scott Buist, and Holman Clark.

The restless artistic activity of Mr. Beerbohm Tree is once more emphasising itself, for, not content with playing "Business is Business" and "The Ballad Monger," he has determined to devote the last night of his season to the production of Mr. Comyns Carr's "Oliver Twist," about which expectation has been stirred for some time. The evening of next Monday week (July 10) has been finally decided upon, and Mr. Tree will act Fagin, supported by Miss Constance Collier as Nancy Sykes, Miss Hilda Trevelyan as Oliver, and Mr. Lyn Harding as Bill Sykes. That Fagin will offer Mr. Tree the opportunity for adding another masterly make-up to his extensive gallery of disguises goes without the saying, while it has been further accepted as a stepping-stone towards the performance of another Jew which he has long contemplated.

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Preceded every evening at 8.15 by THE BALLAD MONGER.

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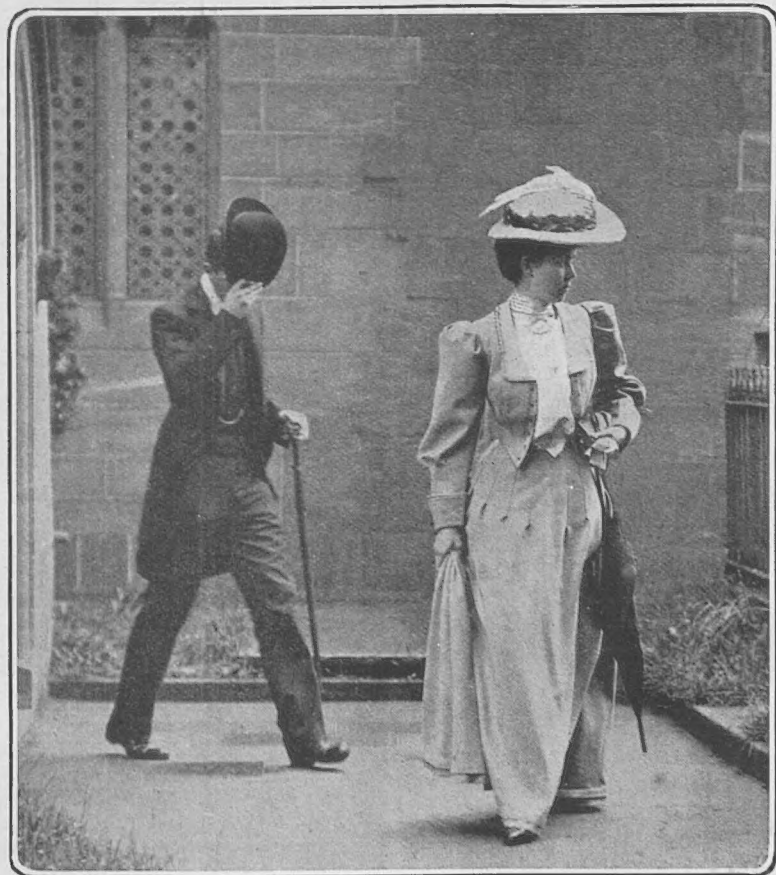
A NATIVE MEMBER OF THE LEGISLATIVE COUNCIL OF SIERRA LEONE: THE HON. J. J. THOMAS, WHO WAS PRESENTED AT THE RECENT LEVÉE.

Photograph by Langner.

will inaugurate the new University, and at Manchester the new dock of the Manchester Ship Canal Company will be formally opened by them. This will be a peculiarly pretty and picturesque ceremony, for when the King, by a slight pressure of his hand, has caused the boom placed at the entrance of the dock to drop back, several ships will steam in and pass before the Royal pavilion.

The Royal Honeymoon.

Prince and Princess Gustavus Adolphus have had what is quite a long honeymoon for Royal personages, and now they are on the eve of starting for the Prince's native country. Ireland has felt much flattered at being chosen by the Royal honeymooners, for this is the first time that this



THE ROYAL HONEYMOON: PRINCE AND PRINCESS GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS OF SWEDEN LEAVING CHURCH.

Prince and Princess Gustavus Adolphus, who, for Royalties, have had quite a long honeymoon, are about to start for Sweden. The first part of the honeymoon was spent at Saughton Grange, Chester, and the second at Adare Manor, Limerick.

Photograph by the Illustrations Bureau.

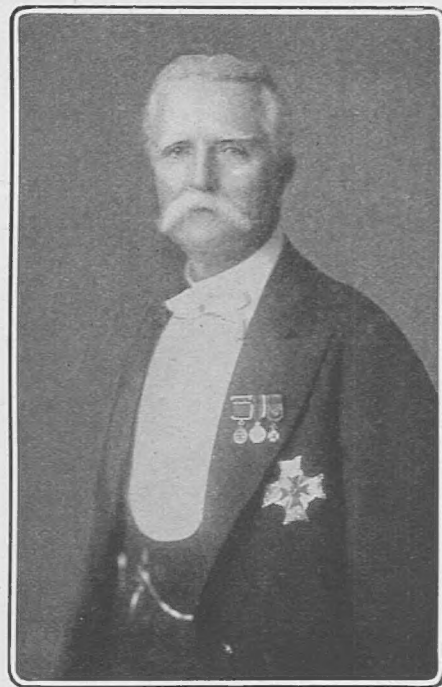
SMALL TALK *of the* WEEK

THE KING, in the matter of making and keeping engagements, sets an example to many a younger brother Sovereign, and His Majesty has a long programme to get through before, like humbler folk, he will begin to enjoy his summer holiday. This week-end alone will see the Sovereign receiving our Japanese Imperial guests, and celebrating his official birthday by attending the picturesque Trooping of the Colour, while on the same day he will visit Harrow and be present at the speeches, which are the chief feature of Speech Day. The great Royal event of July will be their Majesties' joint visit to Sheffield and to Manchester. At Sheffield they

has happened in the history of gallant Erin. It would, however, be difficult to imagine a more beautiful spot in which to spend halcyon days than Adare Manor, Lord Dunraven's beautiful place, the more so that the interior of the mansion is full of splendid works of art collected by the owner, who has a great love of rare and beautiful objects. The Royal Family are certainly doing all in their power to make Ireland fashionable, and motorists are beginning to discover the excellence of her roads and the delights of her scenery.

The King's Favourite Amateur Gardener.

Lord Redesdale is regarded by his Sovereign as the best amateur gardener in the kingdom, and the veteran Peer has been giving His Majesty much valuable advice with reference to the laying out of Windsor Park, especially of that portion lying comparatively near the Castle. Lord Redesdale is still better remembered in Society as Mr. Freeman-Mitford, and when Secretary to the Board of Works he did much to beautify Hyde Park; indeed, it is to him that Londoners owe that charming little garden, composed of rockeries and water, which, situated between Albert Gate and the Serpentine, goes by the name of "The Dell." Batsford Park, Lord and Lady Redesdale's beautiful place in Gloucestershire, has the loveliest gardens in England, especially beautiful being the wild garden, where everything has been done to preserve the appearance of Nature unadorned, though a feature of the wild garden is the bronze statues, which show in pleasant contrast art and Nature. The mistress of Batsford was, before her marriage, Lady Clementine Ogilvy—thus she is an aunt of little Lord Airie. Like her husband, she is devoted to gardening, and much prefers the country to town.



TO ENTERTAIN THE KING: LORD REDESDALE.

Algernon Bertram Freeman-Mitford, 1st Baron Redesdale, to whom the King will pay a private visit on the 8th of next month, has been Secretary of Embassy at St. Petersburg, at Pekin, and in Japan, Secretary to the Commissioners of Public Works and Buildings, and M.P. for the Stratford-on-Avon Division of Warwickshire. His great-great-uncle was created Baron Redesdale on his appointment as Lord Chancellor of Ireland, and an Earldom was conferred on this Lord Chancellor's son, for many years Chairman of Committee in the House of Lords. Both these titles became extinct in 1886.

Photograph by Cosway Gallery.

The New "Mr. Speaker."

Mr. J. W. Lowther is the second Speaker who has worn a beard. The first was Viscount Peel. His dark beard was conspicuous, and perhaps added to the awe he inspired; but Mr. Lowther's beard is so fair that it is scarcely distinguishable at a distance. The new "Mr. Speaker" has made a capital impression at the outset of his new career by his dignity and by the earnestness with which he has devoted himself to the service of the House. The knowledge which Mr. Lowther gained while Chairman of Committee has enabled him to strike the right chord. It is quite evident that members on both sides recognise his thorough knowledge of the rules, and rely upon his impartiality. In his stiff silk gown and full-bottomed wig he looked uncomfortable at first. Habit, however, makes him feel more at ease.

The New Chairman.

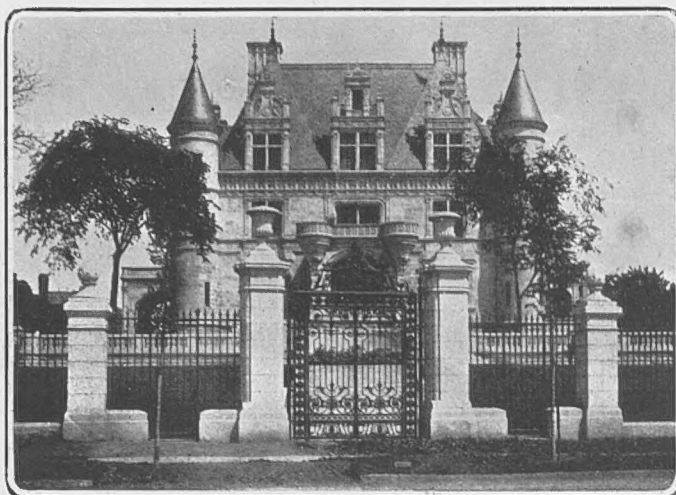
Mr. Grant Lawson, who has succeeded Mr. Lowther as Chairman of Committee of the House of Commons, is a popular member. The gift of humour has commended him to his colleagues. Formerly he acted now and again as an unpaid Deputy-Chairman, and showed his fitness for the permanent post by his business habits, his readiness, his coolness, and his suavity. Mr. Grant Lawson has gone to the chair at the table from the Treasury Bench, having been Secretary to the Local Government Board since 1900. He is nearly fifty years old, but looks younger. He has country seats in two counties, Knavesmire Lodge, Yorks, and Nuttall Hall, Lancashire. The latter place came to him through his mother, a Grant.

The Next Royal Wedding—Who will be the Bride? It is asserted that Alfonso XIII. will shortly go a-wooing, if not in person, then, as many a Spanish King has done before, by proxy. His Majesty has the choice of many fair Princesses, both Protestant and of his own religion. It is, however, a *sine qua non* that the Queen of Spain must, if not born Roman Catholic, then join that faith on her marriage to the godson of the late Pope. This being so, it is very probable that the young King will be pressed to make a choice among those would-be Queens who are already of his own religion.

The Austrian Group. Of peculiar interest to our late Royal guest, if only because they are of the same nationality as his much-loved mother, is the Austrian group, which should include, properly speaking, those Bavarian Princesses who are the children of Prince Louis of Bavaria and the grandchildren of the Regent of Bavaria. They are so closely connected with the Imperial Family of Austria as to count practically

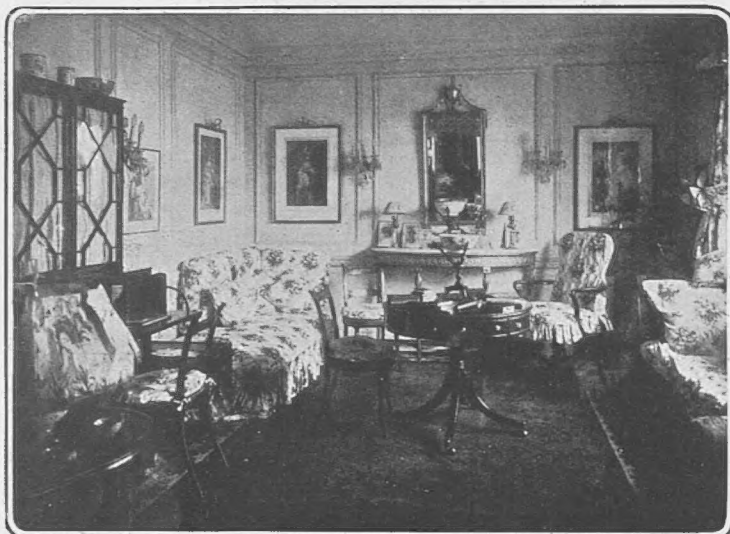
Comte de Paris, is pretty, highly accomplished, and very clever. Her eldest sister is the Queen of Portugal, and as a child she spent much of her life in England. She speaks Spanish like a Spaniard, for since her father's death she and the widowed Comtesse de Paris live a portion of each year on their magnificent estate near Seville. Her Royal Highness is, however, four years older than the King of Spain.

The British Group of Marriageable Princesses. At the present moment our Court forms the background for a delightful garden of girls. These are Princess Patricia of Connaught, Princess Ena of Battenberg, and Princess Beatrice of Coburg; and to them should, perhaps, be joined two of our beautiful Queen's nieces, Princess Olga of Cumberland, who is a daughter of our Royal House, and Princess Thyra of Denmark. The whole group is, of course, Protestant, and more than one of these Princesses have been mentioned in connection with the German Emperor's second son, who is also, it is said, seeking a wife.

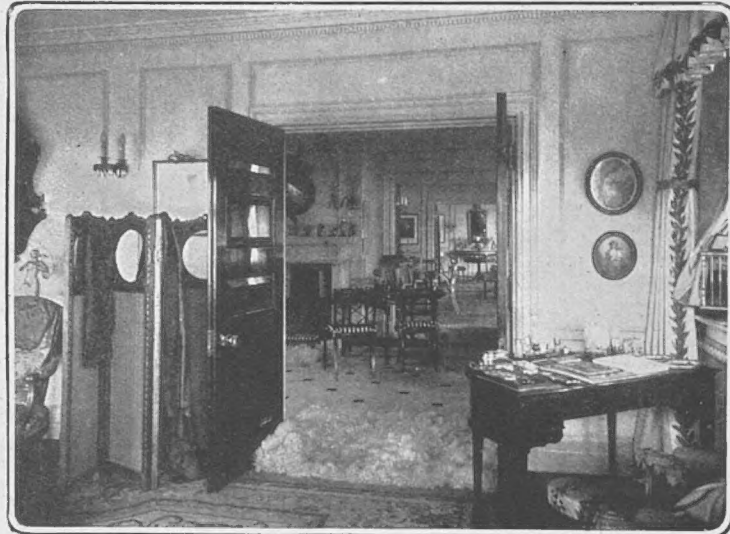


THE NINE-MILLION-DOLLAR RESIDENCE OF A STEEL TRUST MAGNATE: MR. CHARLES M. SCHWAB'S NEW HOUSE ON RIVERSIDE DRIVE, NEW YORK.

Mr. Schwab's new residence stands on a plot of ground bounded by Riverside Drive, one of New York's finest avenues, West-End Avenue, and 73rd and 74th Streets. The work of the greatest painters and sculptors is to find a home in it, and on the death of Mr. Schwab and his wife it, and the art collection within it, will become the property of the city. It is insured for five million dollars, the largest sum for which a private dwelling has been insured.



THE BOUDOIR, BRAY LODGE, MAIDENHEAD, SHOWING SOME OF THE FURNITURE WHICH IS TO BE SOLD BY AUCTION.



A VIEW FROM THE LIBRARY, BRAY LODGE, MAIDENHEAD, SHOWING SOME OF THE FURNITURE WHICH IS TO BE SOLD BY AUCTION.

MRS. BROWN-POTTER BANISHES SOME HOUSEHOLD GODS.

Bray Lodge, Mrs. Brown-Potter's picturesque residence at Maidenhead, is itself to be sold at the Mart to-morrow (Thursday), and on Friday and Saturday its contents will be put up to auction on the premises. Included in the sale are a gallery portrait by the Hon. John Collier, a quantity of furniture, pictures, books, silver-plate, and ornaments, a Panhard-Levassor motor, a brougham, a victoria, an American spider-cart, dog and luggage carts, a bay mare, and some Shetland ponies and harness.

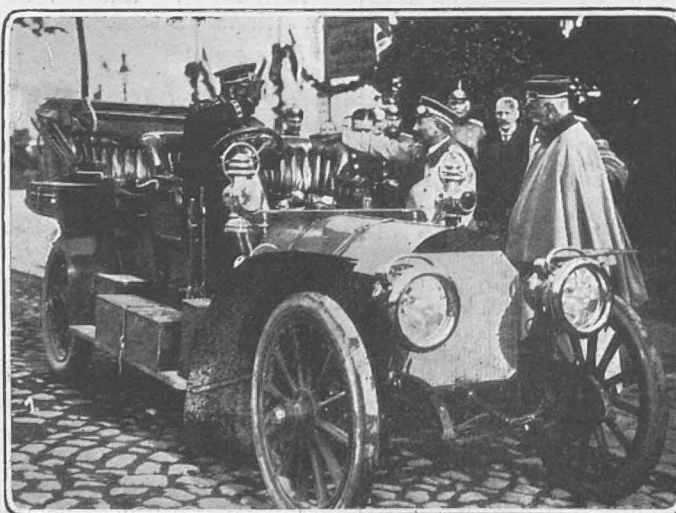
as Austrians. In Austria itself are many youthful Grand Duchesses, but few of them are of an age to become Queen of Spain. One such, however, is the Archduchess Marguerite, who is one of the children of the Duke of Tuscany, who lives at Salsburg. This young lady, who is regarded as a very probable Spanish bride-elect, has twelve Christian names! Were it not that she is considerably older than the King, Princess Clémentine of Belgium would be an admirable choice, owing to the fact that she is entirely unrelated to King Alfonso, while yet closely connected with the Courts of England, Germany, and Austria.

An Old Precedent. Both in Spain and in France there are some who assert most positively that His Spanish Majesty, following a very old precedent, intends to wed a French Princess. In this he would, in a sense, walk in his father's footsteps, for the late King of Spain's first wife was an aunt of the youthful Princess who is spoken of as possible Queen of Spain. Princess Louise de France, the youngest daughter of the late

The German group of marriageable Princesses is headed by Princess Féodora of Schleswig-Holstein, the young sister of the German Empress—who is said, however, to prefer a single to a married life—and comprises the pretty Duchess Sophie of Oldenburg and Princess Hermine of Reuss. Should King Alfonso be in no haste to tie himself with the bonds of matrimony, he may, by waiting another few years, carry off the greatest Imperial débutante of the twentieth century—namely, the only daughter of the German Emperor, the little Princess who will be thirteen in September, and who is said to be the apple of her august father's eye.

A Marriageable Spanish Princess. The only marriageable Spanish Princess

is the King's own sister, the Infante Maria Theresa, who is twenty-two, and who has, as yet, refused to leave her mother and beloved brother. She is in a peculiar position, for only three lives stand between herself and the Spanish Throne—those of the King and of her two motherless nephews.



AN EMPEROR WHO HAS BEEN TRAIN-RACING ON A MOTOR: THE KAISER AND HIS CAR.

The Kaiser journeyed from Hanover to Hamburg the other day on his motor-car, and made the journey a more sporting event by racing the royal train. His Majesty was convinced that, given a straight road, the automobile could beat the train, and he ordered his chauffeur to quicken speed, with the result that he was soon travelling at some sixty miles an hour. Eventually the race had to be abandoned owing to the curving of the road.

LORD MILNER'S SUCCESSOR IN PRETORIA.



LORD SELBORNE ON THE DAY HE TOOK THE OATH AS HIGH COMMISSIONER AND GOVERNOR OF SOUTH AFRICA.

Lord Selborne arrived at Pretoria, on the 23rd of last month, and was cordially received by both Dutch and British. Numerous addresses of welcome were presented by Municipalities and Associations, and after receiving these his Lordship took the oath as High Commissioner and Governor.

Photograph by Nissen, Pretoria.

"*Hell over the Hill.*" Sandhurst is not a name which brings the happiest thoughts to your military critic, and yet the famous college has turned out many heroes, and awakes many an affectionate thrill of memory in the breasts of officers who are doing splendidly for Sovereign and country in the uttermost parts of the earth. In seven years England's military college will celebrate its centenary. Erected in 1812, the quaint, formal-looking building cost the nation some three hundred and fifty thousand pounds, and very soon it became known in the neighbourhood by the lively sobriquet of "Hell over the Hill." It is rather strange, considering that the normal number of cadets is only some three hundred and fifty, that the world has always heard a good deal concerning the "goings-on" at the Royal Military College. But it has always been a case of "boys will be boys," and many an officer who was suddenly promoted from Sandhurst to a responsible position in South Africa showed that he was worthy of the trust reposed in him. The King's visit there this week was a proof of what interest His Majesty takes in the Army. In July a record number of gentlemen cadets will pass out for the purpose of receiving their commissions.

The Marquess of the Moment.

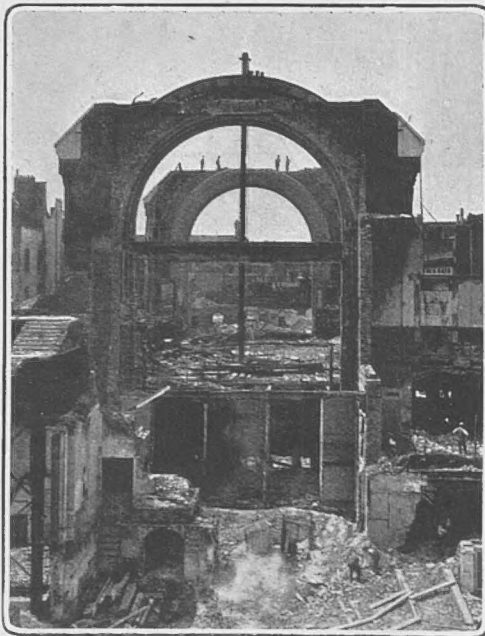
The young Marquess of Bute is doubly interesting at the moment; he celebrated his twenty-fourth birthday last week, and on Wednesday of next week he is to marry Miss Augusta Bellingham. His titles are many—almost vying with those of, say, the Emperor of Austria and the King of Spain: he is fourth Marquess of Bute, Earl of Windsor and Viscount Mountjoy, Baron Mountstuart, Baron Cardiff, Earl of Dumfries, Earl of Bute, Viscount of Ayr, Viscount Kingarth, Lord Mountstuart, Cumra, and Inchmarnock, Baron Crichton of Sanquhar, Lord Crichton and Cumnock, and a Baronet of Nova Scotia, and his name is John Crichton-Stuart. The founder of his family was a natural son of King Robert II., and the Marquess himself is one of the wealthiest Peers in the kingdom, the owner of some 120,000 acres. He is one of the most enthusiastic of sportsmen and is endeavouring to better the shooting on the isle from which he takes his first title by importing young birds in very considerable numbers, while he has also stocked Lochs Fad and Ascog with trout.

Women Explorers.

Woman is again bent on showing that she is not content to leave exploration to man, witness two items of news from America. In the first case, Miss Mamie Babb, a New England school-teacher, is to accompany the Peary Arctic Expedition, which is due to sail from New York on the fourth of next month. Not only this, but she is to be in charge of the wireless-telegraphy apparatus on the *Roosevelt*, she will compile much of the "log" of the undertaking, she will do all the newspaper contributing that is to be done, she will be the official photographer, and she will be one of the sleigh-party which will leave the vessel for a dash to the North Pole. The second case is that of Mrs. Leonidas Hubbard, who is to endeavour to complete the work which cost her husband his life. A year ago, Mr. Hubbard, who was engaged in exploring regions hitherto unvisited by white men, perished from starvation and exposure. His wife is seeking to finish the survey he began. Additional interest is lent to her enterprise by the fact that she has a rival in her late husband's colleague, Mr. Dillon Wallace, who is also leading an expedition, and that she expects to reach her destination a day or two in advance of him.

The Auction Sale at Walmer Castle.

Now that the Prince of Wales has become Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports, Walmer Castle is to change from official residence to museum, and is, moreover, to provide material for the auctioneer. Those who feared, however, that the historic relics—those of Queen Victoria and the great Duke of Wellington, for instance—were to come under the hammer, and pictured them in American or Continental collections, may set their minds at ease, for the simple fact is that these substantial memories of the past are the property of the nation, to whom they were bequeathed by the late Mr. W. H. Smith, who purchased them when he was Lord Warden. It may be expected, nevertheless, that certain of the lots will be of more than ordinary interest, and the hope is expressed that some of these, too, may become public property.



THE PASSING OF THE HALL OF A THOUSAND MUSICAL MEMORIES: THE LAST OF THE ST. JAMES'S HALL, PICCADILLY.

The closing of St. James's Hall was a distinct mark in the history of English music, more especially as far as chamber-concerts are concerned, for there the works of many a famous composer have been rendered by musicians themselves famous, to the artistic delight of countless music-lovers. The building has been in the hands of the house-breaker for some time past, and but a skeleton of it now stands.

Photograph by the Illustrations Bureau.

Lady Plunket.

Lady Plunket, wife of the fifth Baron Plunket, Governor and Commander-in-Chief in New Zealand, will receive very numerous congratulations on her remarkable escape from serious injury when her carriage fell over a fifteen-foot embankment last week, for she is as popular as she is gifted, and she has won many friends since she accompanied her husband to New Zealand some fifteen months ago. The youngest daughter of the late Marquess of Dufferin, she is, of course, sister of the present Marquess, and she is the mother of four daughters and of two sons, the eldest of whom, Terence Conyngham Plunket, is heir to the Barony. The Hon. Kathleen Plunket, who figured in the accident, is the Governor's sister.

The Authors of "The Faddists."

The pseudonyms "Edith Balfour" and "Elizabeth Strode," adopted by the ladies whose play, "The Faddists," was produced at the New Theatre at a matinée yesterday (27th), veil the personalities of Mrs. Alfred Lyttelton and Lady Betty Balfour.

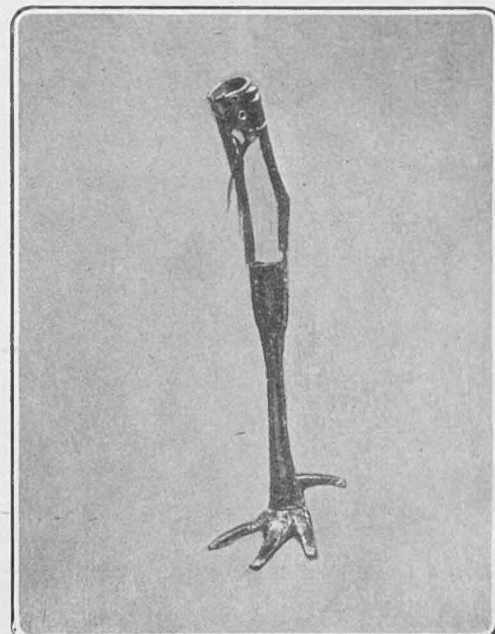
Mrs. Lyttelton is already a playwright, and Lady Betty Balfour is the grand-daughter of the famous Lord Lytton, who wrote at least one of the most successful plays ever produced in England. The fair collaborators have called in a man to help them, namely, Mr. J. Coudourier. "The Faddists," as its name implies, deals with the most popular fads of the moment, those, to wit, concerning the physical-culture movement. There is certainly much to be made out of fashionable hobbies, as was shown by the amazing success of "Patience." Mrs. Lyttelton is evidently eager to become the censor and satirist of Society, for her last play, "Warp and Woof," gave a scathing picture of the fashionable dressmaker, and of the selfishness of the smart lady who, in her hurry to get her frocks made at a moment's notice, gives no thought to the over-driven workwomen.

A Bonaparte as American Minister.

Mr. Charles Bonaparte, who is to succeed Mr. Norton as Minister for the Navy in the U.S.A., is a lawyer at Baltimore, and also the great-nephew of Napoleon I. He is the grandson of Jérôme Bonaparte, King of Westphalia, who, when he was quite a young man in the French Navy, married Miss Paterson, of Baltimore. By her Jérôme had a son, but the marriage was annulled by the Emperor when he made his brother a King. Madame Paterson Bonaparte's son was the father of the new Minister for the Navy, and it is a curious fact that this representative of the Bonapartes was suggested as an opposition candidate to Mr. Roosevelt at the last Presidential election. Napoleon proposed at one time to found an empire in America after his defeat in Europe, and it would be a strange thing if his grand-nephew were to become President of the United States.



A BIRD WITH A WOODEN LEG: A STORK WEARING AN ARTIFICIAL LIMB.



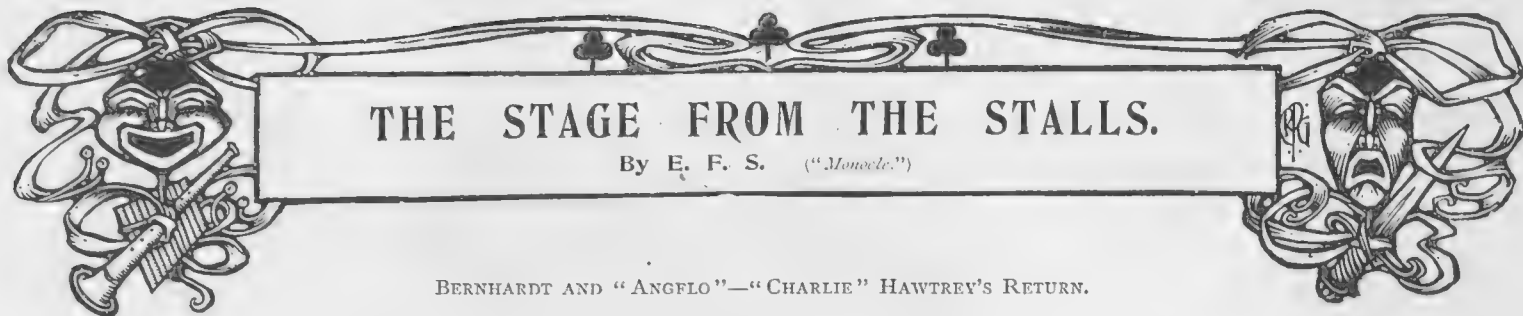
A BIRD WITH A WOODEN LEG: THE STORK'S ELABORATE ARTIFICIAL LIMB.

A FAVOURITE ACTRESS IN HER LATEST SUCCESS.



MISS GERTIE MILLAR AS ROSALIE IN "THE SPRING CHICKEN," AT THE GAIETY.

Photographs by Foulsham and Banfield.



BERNHARDT AND "ANGELO"—"CHARLIE" HAWTREY'S RETURN.

SOME of us have been decidedly ungenerous when writing about Victor Hugo's drama, "Angelo," which Bernhardt presented at the Coronet Theatre. One ought to treat seriously a work written with sincerity by a great man—or rather, a great writer—such as Victor Hugo when at the fulness of his power, and endeavour to avoid the almost grotesque unfairness of sneering at a drama because it is full of theatrical effects that seem to us mere "chestnuts," when the fact is that a good many of them were originally invented by the author of it. The pioneer has very great disadvantages as well as advantages. Often a slight amount of good fortune as inventor gives him a place in literature never reached by later workers in the same field and of far greater ability. It would be possible to point out many names that are household words in literature belonging to writers of mere mediocrity, who owe their immortality merely to the luck of writing at a particular period. On the other hand, and nowhere does this consideration weigh so heavily as in drama, the works of the authors of the past are sometimes yawned at because their inventions seem stale, owing to the fact that their successors have used them to weariness. It is even possible that the person of the story who criticised "Hamlet" as being too full of quotations was quite ignorant of the fiendish injustice of the accusation. Now, "Angelo" is full of the spirit of the period, not, indeed, of the period to which the play is supposed to belong, but of the time when it was written. Hugo, a man of incontestable genius, wrote it with enthusiasm to embody certain grandiose ideas, and lavished upon it a fertile if somewhat uncritical invention, a prodigious if curiously exhibited eagerness, and a wonderful control of language. Some respect is due to any work, however extravagant, that is obviously the earnest effort of a man of genius.

We, of course—that is, we, the more or less jaded play-tasters—have grown tired of the machinery of mediævalism, but the audience of the Coronet Theatre—and the greater number of those around me were alert-minded foreigners—seemed really moved by the play, and I think that most of them failed to see the *ficelles*. We have no exact translation of the word *ficelles* in its reference to what you may call theatrical mechanism, though "to know the ropes" is a fairly correct slang equivalent. The piece went splendidly, and young ladies in charming demi-toilettes, and some English enough to be in full *décolletage*, gasped at the horrors of the Venetian Council of Ten, and the flourishing of daggers, the proffering of poison, and the scene—how often we have had it since!—in which, with specious rhetoric, the woman of no character crushes the lady of reputation. It is quite easy, so easy that even the youngest of us can do it, to see and point out what nowadays appear the absurdities of the play, and a little more difficult, perhaps, for sophisticated people to perceive the real ability employed somewhat unwisely upon it. Of course, some parts of it are really very quaint. For instance, the fact that Angelo talks the best part of ten minutes in full daylight with La Tisbé before he notices that there is a man lying on a sofa two or three feet away from them is hard to swallow, particularly when one takes into account the fact that Angelo was as fearful of the

apparition of messengers of death as though he were a Russian Grand Duke. Moreover, the actual love-story of the beautiful Catarina and the amiable Rudolfo, ending in their flight, is just a little bit staggering to British minds. Why did Hugo choose Rudolfo as the lover's name? The efforts of Madame Blanche Dufrêne to put passion into the pronunciation of "Rudolfo" were rather disquieting. It is certainly not a name which to us sounds romantic. Hugo, however, was rather audacious in his choice of names; for instance, the real villain of the piece is named Homodei, a name obviously translatable into something intensely inapplicable to the character of the peculiarly bloodthirsty, contemptible traitor. Is there not also in one of the moving novels of the great French poet a person called Lord

Jimjack? By-the-bye, does he figure in the book which contains that gorgeous gem, the reference to "le homard, le Cardinal de la mer"? However, I fancy that the lobster sometimes appears in Academy sea-pieces garbed in the truculent red that he only wears after being boiled.

Still, with all its faults and queer violences, "Angelo" has something that makes it more interesting than the less extravagant romantic dramas of nowadays, and it is embellished with that moving air of sincerity too often absent when our moderns play with tremendous passions. Bernhardt, who reminds one of certain famous lines in "Cleopatra," showed little diminution of fire in attacking the part of La Tisbé, the actress who gives up her life for the sake of her lover, and does even more—arranges his elopement with her rival. I suppose the time must come, even within the range of the middle-aged critics, when the amazing actress will show some signs of the labour of Father Time's scythe; but at present she is playing with all her fire, and alike in the coquettish scenes and in those where she suddenly blazes with passion, and in the passages of profound, amorous grief, her work remains prodigious. Madame Dufrêne is not, perhaps, so successful in the part of Catarina as when she enjoyed a triumph at the Adelphi as Andromaque, but her performance certainly is of very considerable merit. M. de Max, the Homodei, who had little chance of showing the power of his very rich voice, gave a curiously grim, semi-comic performance.

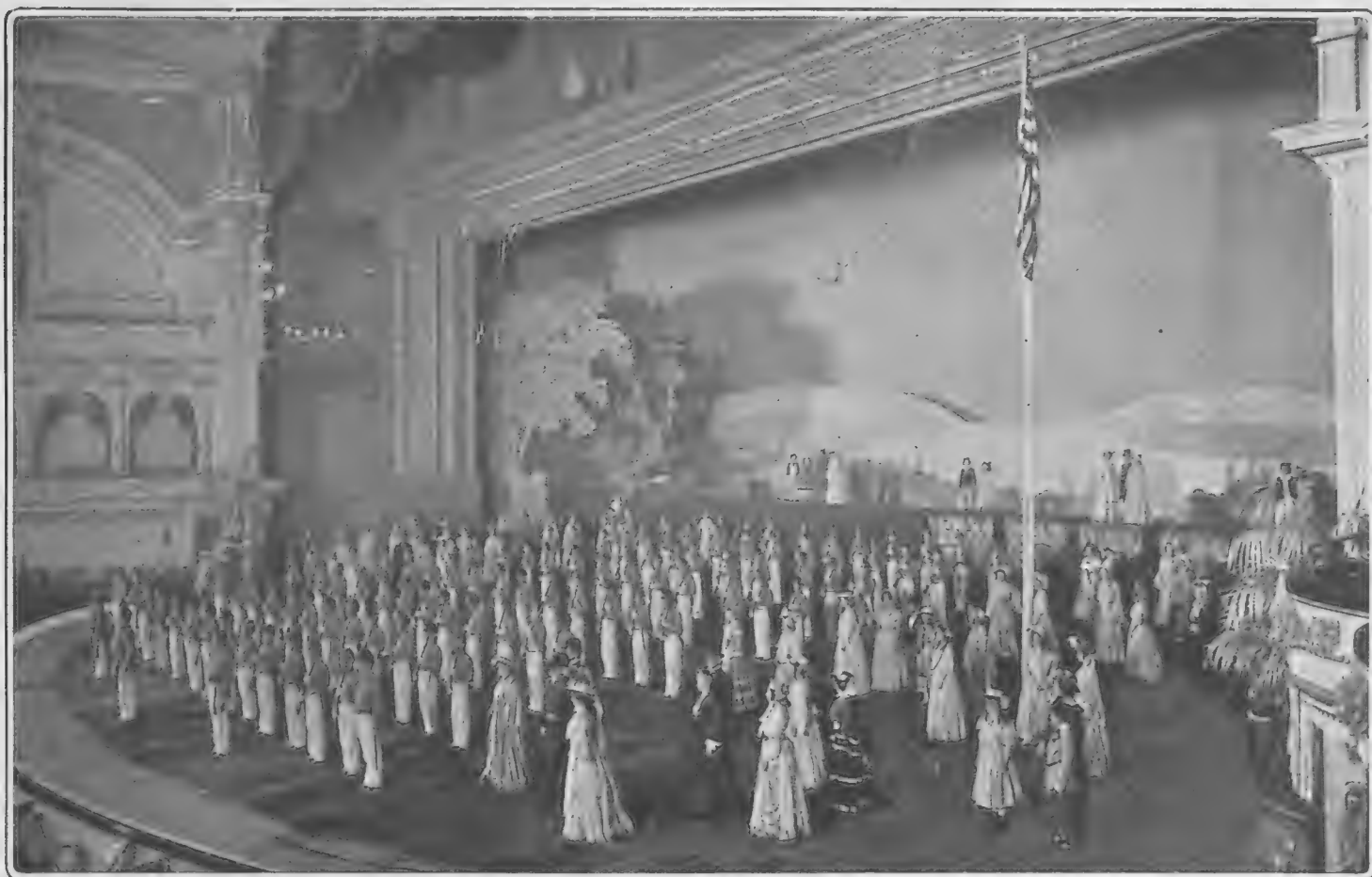
One could have wished that Mr. Charles Hawtreys made his reappearance in London in something a little fresher than "A Message from Mars." Mr. Ganthony's play certainly has some cleverness, and gives to the actor capital opportunity of presenting himself to us, and, after all, nobody expects or wants Mr. "Charlie" Hawtreys to represent anybody but himself. It has been noticed that too frequent performance of the part has begotten in him a tendency to come a little outside the frame, and take the audience into his confidence in a fashion not quite legitimate in drama; but, apparently, the house was not offended by this, and the curious, strictly London charm of the actor enabled him to triumph once more by his art, more nicely concealed than that of any other player of equal standing. Mr. Arthur Williams—there is a curious contrast in style between his method and that of Mr. Hawtreys—is in his original character of the tramp, and plays with a great deal of ability and complete success.



MISS VIOLA TREE'S UNDERSTUDY IN "BUSINESS IS BUSINESS": MISS ELAINE INESCORT, WHO IS PLAYING MRS. UNDERWOOD AT HIS MAJESTY'S.

Photograph by Johnston and Hoffmann.

NEW YORK IS MADE TO "SIT UP AND TAKE NOTICE":
HIPPODROME SPECTACLES AS THEY ARE IN AMERICA.



"WILSON'S RAIDERS; A STORY OF ANDERSONVILLE," AT THE NEW YORK HIPPODROME: CADETS AT DRILL AT WEST POINT.

"Wilson's Raiders" deals with the Civil War in America. In the first scene cadets are shown at work and play at West Point Military Academy as it was in '61; the second depicts life inside the stockade at the Confederate Military Prison in Andersonville; the remainder show the escape of the hero from Andersonville, the tracking of him with hounds, and the battle of West Point, during which dramatic use is made of the great water-tank which is constructed to take the place of half the stage.



"A YANKEE CIRCUS ON MARS," AT THE GIGANTIC NEW YORK HIPPODROME: SOME DANCERS IN THE BALLET.

The first scene of "A Yankee Circus on Mars" shows an old-fashioned circus-tent, which is about to be sold up by the sheriff, when a messenger from Mars enters, buys the "show," and takes it bodily to the planet from which he has come. The second act takes place on Mars, and includes a thirty-minute extravaganza based on the supposed doings of the Martians, a forty-five minute double-ring circus performance, and a most elaborate ballet.

Photographs by Hall, New York.

THE NEXT ROYAL WEDDING—WHO WILL BE THE BRIDE?

SOME ELIGIBLE PROTESTANT PRINCESSES.



DUCHESS SOPHIE CHARLOTTE,
Daughter of the Grand Duke Frederick Augustus of
Oldenbourg (born Feb. 2, 1879).

PRINCESS FÉODORA ADÉLAIDE HÉLÈNE LOUISE CAROLINE
GUSTAVE PAULINE ALICE JENNY,
Daughter of the late Grand Duke Ernest of
Schleswig-Holstein (born July 3, 1874).

PRINCESS BEATRICE LÉOPOLDINE VICTORIA,
Daughter of the late Duke of Saxe-Coburg
(born April 20, 1884).

PRINCESS VICTORIA EUGÉNIE JULIA
ENA OF BATTENBERG,
Daughter of Princess Beatrice
(born Oct. 24, 1887).

PRINCESS VICTORIA PATRICIA
HELENA ELIZABETH,
Daughter of the Duke of Connaught
(born March 17, 1886).

PRINCESS OLGA ADÉLAIDE LOUISA MARIE
ALEXANDRA AGNES,
Daughter of the Duke of Cumberland (born July 11, 1884).

PRINCESS THYRA LOUISE CAROLINE AMÉLIE
AUGUSTA ELIZABETH,
Daughter of the Crown Prince of Denmark
(born March 14, 1880).

PRINCESS HERMINE,
Daughter of Prince Henry XXIV. of Reuss
(born Dec. 17, 1887).

(SEE "SMALL TALK OF THE WEEK.")

Photographs by Feilner, Hughes and Mullins, Höffert,
Mendelssohn, Numa Blanc, Fritz, and Lacroix.

THE NEXT ROYAL WEDDING—WHO WILL BE THE BRIDE?
SOME ELIGIBLE ROMAN CATHOLIC PRINCESSES.



PRINCESS ADELGONDE MARIE AUGUSTINE THÉRÈSE,
Grand-daughter of the Heir-Presumptive and Regent
of Bavaria (born Oct. 17, 1870).

ARCHDUCHESS MARGUERITE MARIE ALBERTINE ALICE
FERDINAND LOUISE ANTOINETTE LÉOPOLDINE ROBERT
HENRIETTE THÉRÈSE ÉDOUARDINE,
Daughter of Ferdinand IV., Duke of Tuscany
(born Oct. 13, 1881).

THE INFANTE MARIE THÉRÈSE ISABELLE EUGÉNIE
PATROCINIO DIEGA,
Sister of the King of Spain (born Nov. 12, 1882).

PRINCESS WILTRUDE MARIE ALICE
(born Nov. 10, 1884),
and

PRINCESS HELMTRUDIS MARIE
AMÉLIE
(born March 22, 1886),
Grand-daughters of the Heir-
Presumptive and Regent of
Bavaria.

PRINCESS LOUISE FRANÇOISE OF FRANCE,
Daughter of the late Prince Louis Philippe, Comte de Paris
(born Feb. 24, 1882).

PRINCESS HILDEGARDE MARIE CHRISTINE THERÈSE,
Grand-daughter of the Heir-Presumptive and Regent
of Bavaria (born March 5, 1881).

PRINCESS CLÉMENTINE ALBERT MARIE LÉOPOLDINE,
Daughter of Leopold II., King of the Belgians
(born July 30, 1872).

(SEE "SMALL TALK OF THE WEEK.")

Photographs by Baumann, Dittmar, Boissennas and Taponier, Valentin, and Bouffé.

MY MORNING PAPER.

By THE MAN IN THE TRAIN.

MOST citizens would be quite surprised to learn that, while they were devoting all the time they could spare from their daily work to consideration of the composition of the eleven that was to represent its country in the last test-match, France and Germany were rapidly approaching the conditions that prevailed in '70. When the French citizen was in bed and asleep, and when the ordinary traffic of the railway lines had been suspended, great trains full of soldiers were hurrying to the eastern frontiers. There seems little occasion to doubt that, had France not climbed down over the question of Morocco, we should have been by now on the eve of another Franco-German War. The crisis has passed, but it has been a very real one, although countless thousands of people, even in France and Germany, have no suspicion of what was taking place.

The Kaiser's Finances.

Some of the German papers, ignoring the polysyllabled crime of discussing Royalty in any but terms of adulation, have been declaring that the Kaiser's expenditure has been outrunning his income. This is a serious matter and recalls the wise comment of the immortal Mr. Micawber: "Annual income £20, annual expenditure £19 19s. 6d.; result, happiness. Annual income £20, annual expenditure £20 0s. 6d.; result, misery." Happily, the German statements about the Kaiser's accounts have been officially refuted before the Social Democrats can declare that the War Lord is receiving commission from the Navy League or the Colonial Party. There seems no reason to doubt that the whole story was a fabrication, for, although the Kaiser's expenditure is very great, his income is quite considerable, and I have been assured by a friend who has a nodding acquaintance with Diplomatic circles that the Kaiser does not have to pay for the largest item of his personal expenditure—his telegrams.

America and the Tooth-brush.

stray North, South, East, and West, unto the far isles of the sea. Seeing that they are not bound by any of the ridiculous restrictions that keep our medical men from proclaiming their merits from the housetops, and seeing, too, that their modesty is not so great as their skill, American dentists might have been held to have little to complain about. Apparently they have killed or cured all the teeth within their reach, for now they are commencing an onslaught upon the tooth-brush. One of their pseudo-scientists,

rejoicing in the long words that baffle the half-educated—and of these latter America seems to possess a very fair quantity—has denounced the tooth-brush and all its ways. It wears the teeth out, it takes all sorts of liberties with the gums, it commits weird atrocities upon the long-suffering, sorely shaken nerves of the mouth, it ruins digestion, reduces life, and the little life it leaves to its many victims is not worth living. We are directed to fling our tooth-brushes aside—ostensibly for the better preservation of our teeth; in reality, I fear, for the better preservation of the American dentists' banking-account. With all due humility, I should suggest that the American doctor who has just given his startling pronouncements to the world should devote his leisure in the future to teaching his grandmother the best and most efficient method of assimilating the nutriment of eggs. I am sure it would help to prolong the old lady's life.

The Last Days of Sale.

When I leave my train and pass through the busy haunts of men, my eyes are assailed on every side by glaring announcements to the effect that large consignments of most desirable wares are being offered to-day and to-morrow at extraordinary reductions. Not very many years ago such announcements were few and far between, but now the average shopkeeper has realised the bitter truth that all men and women, especially women, are anxious to buy at less than cost-price; consequently, where one stock was being sold "At genuine reductions for this week only," it is becoming increasingly difficult to find a street that does not contain a score of these invitations. The placards themselves grow old and dingy, while stocks pass and are succeeded by others equally desirable, and, if the worthy tradesmen are to be believed, there must be a steady tide of disaster in one quarter of the town to supply the bargains in which the other quarter delights. Now, unfortunately, I am becoming a little sceptical. I am reminded of the gentleman who opened a new shop in a thriving provincial city. He was a shrewd man of business—one of those whose ancestors possessed the land over-

flowing with milk and honey—and he stood outside his new shop when the decorations were approaching completion and the contractor responsible for them stood at his side awaiting a word of approval. "Beautiful!" said the Chosen Person. "There is only one thing more I want. Get some good enamelled letters—the best that are made, and large ones—and set across the window, "Positively the Last Day of the Sale."



A BRITISH PAINTER HONoured BY FRANCE: MR. FRANK SPENLOVE-SPENLOVE, R.B.A., WHOSE PICTURE, "TOO LATE," HAS BEEN PURCHASED FOR THE LUXEMBOURG.

Mr. Spenlove-Spenlove exhibited at the Royal Academy for the first time in 1886, and each year from that date he has been represented by landscape and figure pictures.

Photograph by Elliott and Fry.



PURCHASED FOR THE LUXEMBOURG: MR. FRANK SPENLOVE-SPENLOVE'S "TOO LATE."

"Too Late," which has just been purchased by the French Government, was exhibited in the Royal Academy last year. Mr. Spenlove-Spenlove is also represented in the Luxembourg by "Funerailles dans les Pays-Bas—un Jour d'Hiver," which gained him the Gold Medal at the Salon.

A LEADER OF THE FOUR HUNDRED.



A LEADER OF AMERICAN SOCIETY: MRS. PHILIP LYDIG.

After the Painting by H. J. Thaddeus.

Mrs. Lydig, the wife of Captain Philip Lydig, is one of the best-known of the leaders of the sacred Four Hundred which is the cream of American Society. Our portrait of her is by the well-known painter, Mr. H. J. Thaddeus, who, by the way, has a studio at 10, W. 33rd Street, New York.

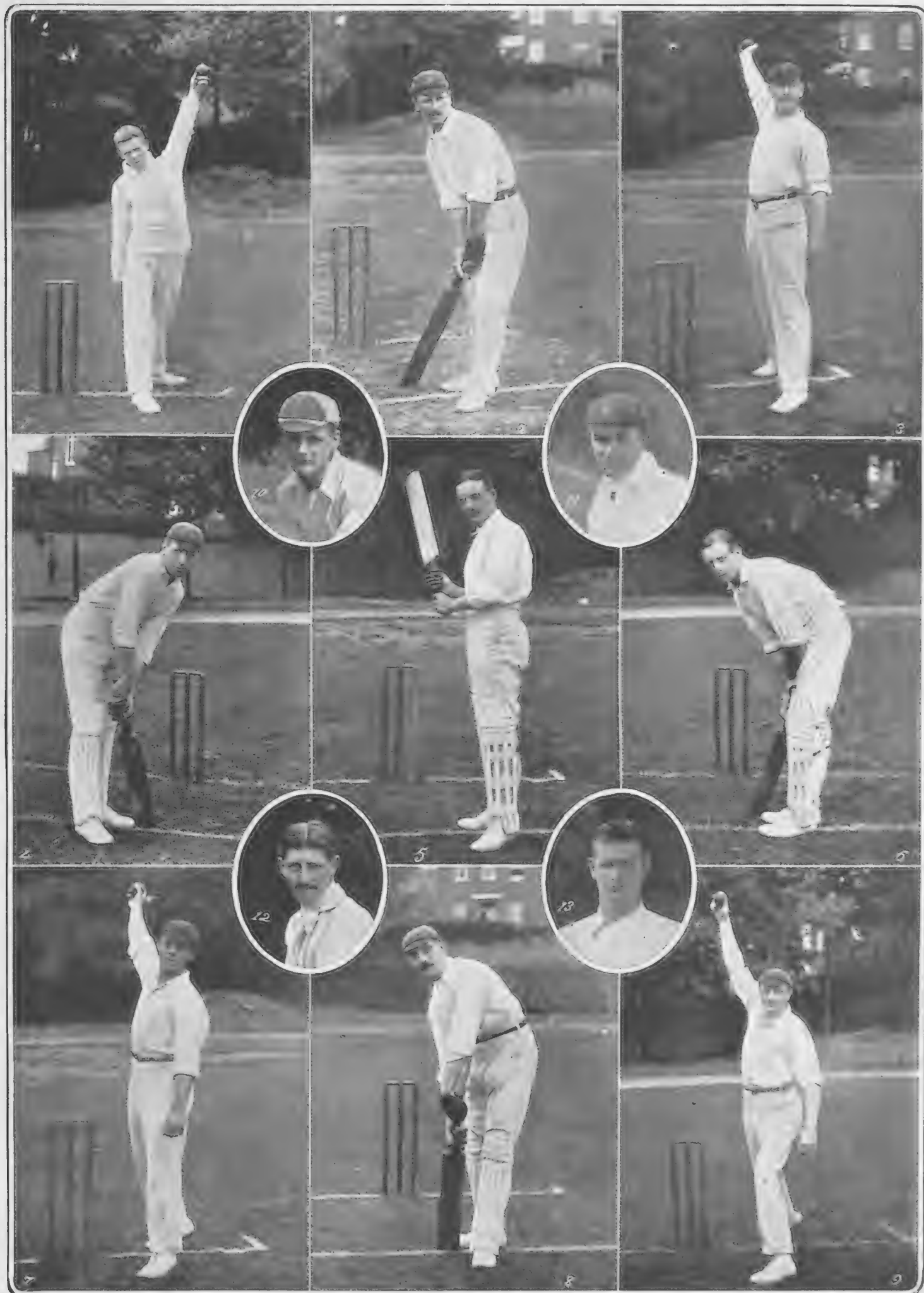
COUNTY CRICKET: THE FIRST-CLASS TEAMS.—II. SUSSEX.



1. COX. 2. BUTT. 3. TATE. 4. KILICK. 5. C. B. FRY (CAPTAIN). 6. K. O. GOLDIE. 7. LEACH. 8. K. S. RANJITSINGHI.
 9. RELF. 10. P. B. CHAPMAN. 11. C. L. A. SMITH. 12. G. BRANN. 13. VINE.

Photographs by Foster.

COUNTY CRICKET: THE FIRST-CLASS TEAMS.—III. LANCASHIRE.



1. W. HALLOWS. 2. TYLDESLEY. 3. W. R. CUTTELL. 4. H. G. GARNETT. 5. A. C. MACLAREN (CAPTAIN). 6. R. H. SPOONER.
7. J. SHARP. 8. L'ANSON. 9. W. BREARLEY. 10. W. FINDLAY. 11. L. O. S. POIDEVIN. 12. A. H. HORNBY. 13. N. S. W. KERMODE.

Photographs by Foster.

SOME BALL-ROOM TYPES: PARTNERS WE HAVE ALL MET.



II.—THE HORRID LITTLE PERSON WHO CLAIMS THE ONLY PARTNER YOU HAVE LOVED THAT EVENING.

DRAWN BY DUDLEY HARDY.



DR. THÉOPHRASTE MACAIRE, a member of the corps of savants which accompanied General Bonaparte's expedition to Egypt in 1798, stood in his tent one morning, brandishing a razor and putting out his tongue at his own reflection in a little hanging mirror. They were not handsome, these two faces regarding each other so intently, with looks of alarm, of dismay, possibly even of hatred. He screwed up his eyes; craned his neck from side to side; shot out his tongue spoon-fashion, in a point, curled back upon itself. "Mon Dieu!" he gasped, and flung down the razor with which, a moment earlier, he had been threatening the lathered stubble on his cheeks. "Dolomière!" He sank down on the bed from which he had lately risen. "Dolomière! It has come at last!"

Dolomière squatted on a rug flung down upon the sand, with the half-skinned carcase of a tiny antelope between his knees. Through the opening in the canvas one could see a little, triangular fragment of the camp: a few huts of wattled palm-branches, some tethered camels and asses, a knot of soldiers throwing dice. Above was intense blue sky. Below, yellow sand on which the heat haze was already dancing.

"What, the letter from your wife? Letters from home?" Dolomière prepared excitedly to rise.

"Imbecile! No," cried Macaire. "Letters here? It is the peste. The peste, I tell you! It has come at last. I am a dead man. *You* are probably a dead man."

"Oh!" said Dolomière, and went on with his task.

"My dear Dolomière," screamed Macaire, "you do not realise the situation. I entreat you to look at my tongue." He darted it out at his friend.

"My dear Théophraste," said Dolomière, calmly, "you will certainly suffer from a chapped skin if you allow the soap to dry on you in that fashion. Now let me look. This is the twentieth time you have had the peste since we landed at Marabout. Your tongue—h'm—h'm——"

"I knew it!" said Macaire, faintly.

"Asses' milk," pronounced Dolomière, confidently, suddenly remembering.

Dr. Macaire turned to the little mirror, and felt with his finger at the white surface of his tongue. "Do you really think so?" he asked, anxiously.

"Confident," asserted Dolomière, going back to his work. "I remember that you drank some when you first rose. I must confess, my dear Théophraste, that these constant alarms of yours are a little distracting."

"But I have also other symptoms," said Macaire, still examining his tongue. "My head aches. I feel far from well. My pulse——"

"It is not surprising," said Dolomière, calmly but severely. "Last night you forgot your usual caution. Date-brandies is exciting on an empty stomach. You were shouting and singing when you came to bed. You made some very unwise remarks about the Army——"

"I have no recollection," said Macaire, aggressively.

"Your head remembers. Your pulse remembers. Your tongue, no doubt, remembers—under its coat of asses' milk——"

"It is not asses' milk," said Macaire, suddenly, "nor date-brandies. It is dead rats!"

"Dead rats?"

"Yes— and dead antelopes. I am convinced of it. A thousand times I have begged you not to skin them in the tent. I am tired of wearing handkerchiefs fastened round my nose. Since you caught those rats——"

"As for that," retorted Dolomière, flushing a little, and showing some excitement for the first time, "what about your confounded chemicals? What about those odours, I ask? What about——?"

"What about the skinned jackal I sat on, and spoilt my pantaloons?"

"What about that explosion when you singed my eyebrows off?" cried the naturalist, going close up to him.

"In the interests of science——," began Macaire, excitedly.

"In the interests of fiddle-sticks!" screamed Dolomière, shaking his fist in his friend's face. "Who put the castor-oil in the coffee-pot? Was *that* in the interests of science?"

"And who left the addled egg——?" began Macaire, waving his own fist.

Another moment might have seen the two friends exchanging blows; but at this critical point an officer entered the tent, and Macaire and Dolomière turned with flushed faces.

"Citizen Dolomière?" asked the officer, pleasantly. "I come as the friend of Captain Carbonnet, to arrange the affair between him and Citizen-Doctor Macaire. My principal——"

"Between— Dr. Macaire?" gasped the scientist. "There must be some mistake. I am Dr. Macaire."

"Exactly," said the officer, politely. "You made some reflections last night on the regiment to which Captain Carbonnet and I have the honour to belong, and gave us Citizen Dolomière's name. It merely remains for us to arrange matters."

"But I have not the faintest recollection!" cried Macaire. "I apologise most profoundly if at any time——"

"I regret to say that matters went too far for an apology to be accepted. Shall we say an hour after dawn to-morrow, outside the camp?"

"With all the pleasure in the world," said Dolomière, with a vindictive look at his friend. "Perhaps swords——"

Macaire shuddered. "But I don't want to fight!" he cried, plaintively.

"I'm afraid you must, Théophraste. Not only because the matter has gone too far for retreat, but for the honour of the whole corps of savants. We can say pistols, then. You have often told me you were an excellent shot."

"At sparrows!" groaned Macaire,

"Captain Carbonnet is bigger than many sparrows. With pistols, then, Citizen-Captain."



"But I have not the faintest recollection," cried Macaire.

Captain Marbois bowed and withdrew.

Macaire sank down on the bed with a groan.

"It is a deliberate scheme to ruin me," he whined. "You too, Dolomière! Perfidious friend! What have I done that you should treat me so? Is it not enough that you have dragged me from Paris into this horrible desert? Is it not enough that I have suffered the agonies of sea-sickness—that I was nearly drowned in the surf at Marabout—that I have munched mouldy biscuits without teeth worth the name—that I have exchanged the wine and dainties of France for poisoned water and melons—pah!—and musty rice?"

"You wanted to come," said Dolomière.

"Wanted to come?" Macaire repeated the words with withering contempt. "And why? Did you not promise me a new field in which to make my name illustrious? Were there not great discoveries to be made, valuable secrets hidden by the ages to reveal? And what have I discovered? What have I to analyse? Sand, flies, mosquitoes, a sun worse than the infernal regions, legions of remorseless foes. I was to have honours from the General showered upon me. The respect of the military. Wealth and position. And what do I find? Bonaparte has not even spoken to me. Lannes threatened to tell fifty Grenadiers to throw me overboard—"

"Fifty Grenadiers! and he complains of lack of attention!" muttered Dolomière.

"And I was turned out of my hammock by a Captain of Engineers, and made to sleep under the bunk of a quartermaster—a *quartermaster*, mark you!" exclaimed Macaire, now almost weeping. "And I have endured all this to meet a miserable death—"

"A miserable death?" cried his friend. "A miserable death, when you will die in the interests of science; in support of the prestige of the corps of savants against its military enemies and detractors? Upon my word, I almost envy you, Théophraste. It is a glorious fate. When the story of the savants of Egypt comes to be written, your name—"

Macaire interrupted him. "Dolomière," he cried, holding out his hand, while his face glowed with generosity, "it is, indeed, a noble death. I realise now all that it means. And I relinquish it. I will be unselfish. You are my friend, and in what more suitable way can I show my affection than by standing aside and letting you embrace this glorious—this magnificent—this—?"

"Unfortunately," said Dolomière, sighing, "I have never been able to boast myself a fine shot. Now you, on the contrary—"

"At sparrows," murmured Macaire.

"And if generosity on your part prompts you to offer this sacrifice, I cannot be less generous and accept it. No, indeed. But I will act as your friend; I will despatch your effects to your widow if

tent; General Caffarelli, of the Engineers, hobbled by, lifting his wooden leg as it plunged too deeply in the sand; the palm-roofed huts were dismantled, the tents shut together as if by magic; camels and asses were put in motion. With a groan, Macaire packed his belongings, and mounted his mouse-coloured ass. The day's march began.

For miles, under the blazing sun and over the red-hot sand-hills,



Macaire gave him a watery but benignant smile

Macaire was bumped, and shaken, and joggled, and tossed, and rattled. He gasped muttered maledictions on the heat, and the flies, and the donkey, and the General who had given the order to advance in broad day. Why had he ever listened to the specious promises which had inveigled him from his beloved Paris, his circle of friends? Ducis had excused himself on the score of age. Mehul had pleaded that he was too busy. Lay was afraid of taking cold. Macaire mopped his brow. Afraid of taking cold! What an exquisite reason! Even sea-sickness on the *Peuple-Souverain* was better than this heat. He gave a grim, unhappy chuckle. It was refreshing even to think of taking cold. And Lemerrier, a miserable poet whose life France could well spare, had pleaded that his wife would not allow him to come away. Macaire felt a distinct grudge against poor Madame Macaire at that moment. Why hadn't she shown more strength of mind when Bonaparte's invitation came, and forbidden him to leave?

Well, he would leave his bones in this accursed desert through her weakness. He pictured her unavailing remorse. Was it a tear or a bead of perspiration that trickled down his cheek, as he conjured up a vision of his savant-friends reading the notice of his death in the Gazette, and wiping the moisture from their glasses as they pictured his body on the sands among the vultures and wild beasts?

At this moment, Captain Carbonnet rode quickly by, on horseback. A great dandy, this Captain; not a button was unfastened, not a hair was out of place; the hot air bore a faint scent of perfume to Macaire's nostrils, like a breath from some elegant salon in far Paris. Their eyes met. Macaire felt a sudden gush of benevolent feeling for his adversary. Why should they engage in this imbecile quarrel? They were fellow-countrymen; they confronted the same dangers and discomforts; their lives belonged not to themselves, but to France. To show that he bore Carbonnet no ill-will, Macaire gave him a watery but benignant smile; a pleading, wistful smile, calculated, he hoped, to coax his adversary into the same mood. The effect was startling. The Captain's face flushed a deeper red; he passed his hand rapidly and almost instinctively over his uniform and accoutrements to see if all were in order; then he drew himself up in his saddle, and gave Macaire a haughty and threatening glance as he rode by.

"I am sorry to see such rancour, such vindictiveness on your part, Théophraste," said Dolomière, reprovingly, before Macaire had recovered from his chagrin and amazement.

"On—on my part?" gasped the unfortunate doctor.

"I do not ask," went on Dolomière, gravely, "whether it is wise to goad your enemy into frenzy. I don't inquire whether it is politic to taunt him, to laugh and jeer in his face—"

"Laugh? Jeer? Me?" gasped Macaire, almost sobbing. "I was not laughing. I was smiling at him."

Dolomière shrugged his shoulders. "It is scarcely generous—," he began; then broke off abruptly. "Quick! quick!" he gasped, as the *générale* sounded, "we are attacked!"

It was indeed true. Carbonnet, riding past, had carried news to General Bonaparte that enemies were on the sky-line. For a minute or two all was hubbub and confusion. Trumpets blared, drums beat, asses brayed, camels grunted, men laughed or swore or shouted orders. "Prepare for cavalry! Asses and savants in the centre!" rose the old, insulting cry of the soldiers, always ready for a jest at the



He lifted a lid hastily and poured in the contents of the bottle.

you fall; I will even, at my own cost, embalm your body with the most expensive materials obtainable, so that—"

"But I don't want to be stuffed!" cried Macaire, indignantly.

At that moment the signal to strike camp broke in upon their discussion. At the sound of the bugle, soldiers hurried past the

expense of the men of science. Macaire, with a jumping heart, and legs scraped, bruised, and pounded against men and beasts, found himself in the centre of the square, where doctors, chemists, artists, musicians, geologists, linguists—Bonaparte's great army of savants—were collected.

The enemy drew near. There were men on camels, men on horses; black men, brown men; men in dark-blue Bedouin blankets, men in saffron, men in flowing white. Some waved scimitars, some flourished long guns with curved butts and slender barrels. Twice, three times, they charged to within fifty yards or so, fired their pieces, and wheeled off again. Macaire crouched, shaking, by the side of his ass. He hoped desperately that each retreat would leave the honours of victory with the French. And yet these ridiculous soldiers seemed to enjoy fighting, and Carbonnet was shouting and laughing like a madman, or a schoolboy.

Ah, they were going to charge again! Macaire winced as they fired, and bobbed his head. It was over, and he looked again to watch them gallop off. This must be the last time; several saddles had been emptied among them. White-faced still, he began to screw up courage to fling taunts and jeers after the retreating foe. But they were not retreating! They had halted only to fire! And now they were racing towards the square, threatening it with cold steel.

Macaire shut his eyes and babbled paternosters, as if he were a

little, frightened boy again, and had not long since explained God out of the universe. There were yells, screams, deafening volleys, frenzied appeals to Allah and his prophet, mingled with oaths and clipped argot familiar in the slums of St. Antoine. . . . A din of huzzas arose. . . .

"We have won?" he asked, faintly.

"Yes, thanks to the brave Captain Carbonnet," said Dolomière, with a tinge of excitement in his tone.

"They broke the square, but he rallied our men, and killed the Sheikh with his own hand. It was magnificent—magnificent!"

Carbonnet was in the thick of a crowd of admirers, showering noisy congratulations on him; he looked quite calm and unruffled. This fop, whose proudest boast was that he preserved the niceties of Paris in the desert, and whose first thought on entering a captured town was of the scent-shops in its bazaar, was certainly a brave soldier.

General Bonaparte and his staff rode up.

"What does he say? I can't hear," said Macaire, craning forward on his ass.

"Captain Carbonnet is to have a sabre of honour," said Dolomière, and joined in the cheering.

A few kilometres away, the white walls of a little town, which the enemy had come out to defend, glistened in the sun. When Dolomière and Macaire reached it, they found that the best quarters had already been appropriated; also—more unfortunate still—the provisions. They foraged round. Dolomière discovered a handful of rice and a bunch of raisins, Macaire some sherbet and a little drum of Turkish sweetmeat. "This will not do," said Dolomière. "We must try again. Let us hide the provisions here. You go to the left. I will try the right."

Macaire entered house after house; in each soldiers were making ready to feast, and jeered at his request for food. "Eat your chemicals and drink your physics," one half-drunken officer shouted. "Food and wine are for the men who fought."

Empty-handed and dispirited, he returned to their billet, hoping that Dolomière had had better fortune. The naturalist had not returned. Macaire looked for the hidden food. Careful man!

Dolomière had evidently changed his mind, and thought it safer to take it with him.

But Macaire was famishing. He looked out of the little, grated window, and, in a large room in a house across the narrow street, saw Captain Carbonnet and his servant. The man was unloading himself of bottles and provisions. The master was busily stoking a fire in a great stone oven. Macaire watched greedily as they filled the coarse Arab cooking-vessels with food, and put them on the fire to cook for the evening meal. Heavens! They had enough to feed an army, while he was starving.

"Barboux," said Captain Carbonnet (Macaire could hear him distinctly), "give my compliments to Colonel Duval, Captain Marbois, and Captain Lancret, and tell them I shall be delighted if they will honour me with their presence this evening."

The servant saluted and went out.

A few moments later, Captain Carbonnet, after giving an eye to the several pots, and a stir to one which, no doubt, contained delicious soup (for already the grateful odour of meat and herbs reached Macaire's nostrils), followed his servant into the street.

A sudden temptation flashed across Macaire's mind. He had but a minute or two for decision and action. Opening the trunk which contained his medicines and lotions, he selected, hastily, but with care, several drugs and powders. He mixed them in a large flask,

and stirred them together. He had no intention of poisoning Carbonnet or his guests. But he meant them to remember that feast. He meant to pay off old scores. He meant, above all, to prevent his enemy and Captain Marbois from keeping their fatal appointment on the morrow.

Macaire hid the bottle under his coat. No one was looking; he entered Carbonnet's room. Four covered vessels of coarse red earthenware were perched

over the fire. Before he could examine their contents, he heard the sound of approaching footsteps. There was not a moment to lose. He lifted a lid hastily, and poured in the contents of the bottle.

He ran out, smiling grimly as he thought that, before dawn, Carbonnet and his guests would be writhing in the agonies of colic.

On the threshold he dashed into Carbonnet's arms. What explanation could he give? His quick wits came to his rescue. "Citizen-Captain," he stammered, "I came to pay you my congratulations. Although we are to be antagonists, I cannot resist adding my expressions of distinguished consideration to the many you have already received. Our love for France, Captain Carbonnet, should overrule all personal animosities. You have saved the Army of Egypt. You have received the sabre of honour which has been so well merited. I salute you with the most profound respect."

"This is indeed generous of you, Dr. Macaire!" exclaimed Carbonnet. "I am touched." He held out his hand. "If it were not for the honour of the Army—"

"I assure you I had no intention of assailing that. I am ready to meet you, as you wish it, though I realise that I am going to certain death. Yes, I am prepared to die. But I cannot allow you to rest under the impression that I had the least intention of reflecting on you or on your gallant comrades."

"Dr. Macaire," cried the Captain, "you are a brave man! Why should we fight? This is a happy day for me. Let us be friends instead of enemies. On such a day it would ill become me to cherish enmity. Let us be friends."



He was certain now that the decoction was in the punch: fate had cornered him.

"With all the pleasure in the world," said Macaire, again grasping the outstretched hand.

"I am inviting a few friends to celebrate the occasion of our victory," said Carbonnet. "You must join us."

"I—I am extremely sorry—," gasped Macaire.

"Oh, you must. We have had good fortune; at this very moment we are cooking—but wait and see. I can promise you the best meal you've had since Marabout. Come, I'll take no denial."

At this moment Dolomière appeared. Macaire clutched at him as at a straw.

"I have already promised to dine with my good friend Dolomière, Captain. Edouard, Captain Carbonnet has generously accepted my apologies. He has asked me to sup with him, but, as I explained, I have already promised—"

"Oh, don't hesitate on my account, Théophraste. I have had the devil's own luck. There's not so much as a melon left in the place."

"In that case," said Macaire, solemnly, but with a sinking heart, "I cannot be so selfish as to desert you. No, Edouard, I will share with you our scanty crust."

"That would be very foolish," said Dolomière, with rather surprising haste and warmth. "What are you winking for, Théophraste?"

"Those cursed flies," muttered the wretched savant. "No; a thousand thanks, Captain—"

"Then M. Dolomière must come, too," said the generous Captain.

"I shall be delighted—," began the grateful naturalist.

"Yes, go, Edouard, go," broke in Macaire, with secret spite. "But we cannot both trespass on Captain Carbonnet's hospitality. I will stay—"

"A thousand thunders!" cried the Captain, so fiercely that Macaire gave a nervous jump. "Your reluctance looks suspiciously as if you bear resentment, Dr. Macaire. You shall eat or fight. In an hour's time, mind."

At the time named, the two friends and the officers to whom Barboux had conveyed his master's invitations took their places at an improvised table in Carbonnet's house. Barboux waited. All, save Macaire, were in high glee. Soup, smelling delightful after coarse desert fare, was placed before them. Macaire waved his away. No doubt this was the fatal mixture. He would be able to enjoy the other dishes; the medicine he had concocted would have no immediate effect.

"What, no soup? I flatter myself it's good, Doctor. I made it myself. Come, try a few spoonfuls. You learned men say it's a fine preparative for a meal taken after long fasting."

"In that matter," said Macaire, "I venture to differ from the current opinion. I maintain—"

"Really, Théophraste," said Dolomière, with his mouth full, "your scruples and theories are too ridiculous. You told me only the other day, too, that soup—"

"I know, I know!" said Macaire. "I have only recently changed my opinion."

"All the more for the others, then," said Carbonnet. "Thank heaven, I'm troubled with no theories." The hungry men plied their spoons briskly. Barboux prepared to serve the next course. While they were waiting, the officers discussed the day's action, the plans of General Bonaparte. "If he smells that soup of yours, Carbonnet," said Captain Marbois, laughing, "he'll pay us a flying visit."

From the second pot Barboux produced two lean chickens; to Macaire's horror, they swam in rich brown gravy. Oh, why had he not made certain before pouring in the fatal mixture? If Bonaparte came in, if danger lurked in the gravy, his hasty action might cause the ruin of the Army by laying aside, at so critical a time, the mighty genius who had led them through the desert. Macaire tried in vain, as Dolomière's portion was put down, to detect the faint odour of his concoction.

Dolomière turned on him indignantly. "Behave yourself, Théophraste," he whispered. "What will our host think of you if you sniff at his provisions in that disgraceful fashion?"

Macaire had not the courage to decline the course. He pecked at the fowl; suspicious eyes were turned upon him. He murmured faintly that the day's march had robbed him of his appetite; the heat had been very trying; he felt far from well.

"Name of a name, then," cried his generous host, "I have the very thing for you! A little

surprise, gentlemen: punch—punch in the desert! I flatter myself that one does not often find the ingredients. The nights grow cold after the day's heat. Doctor, you have eaten nothing; you shall drink first. We will celebrate our renewed amity; you shall drink to the Army of Egypt, I will follow by toasting the corps of savants."

"With all the pleasure in the world," said Macaire, repressing a shudder. He lifted the bowl with a wry face. He was certain now that the decoction was in the punch; fate had cornered him. He shut his eyes and sipped. He fancied he could just detect the taste of the vile compound.

"Drink up, drink up!" said Carbonnet, genially. "No heel-taps. I want your candid opinion, now."

"It's—it's good," spluttered the savant. He was certain now. A night of agony, a day of distress, lay before him.

"Good indeed!" echoed Captain Marbois, finishing his allowance with a sigh. "Punch in the desert! It was the thought of a genius. You must have ransacked the neighbourhood for the ingredients."

"Oh, a present here—a dash of herbs from that place—a lemon from another. Barboux is a good servant. He made one queer mistake, though."

"What was that?" asked several.

"Well, he has orders to go at once to the scent-shops in the bazaar when any town is captured. I have a little weakness for the niceties of the toilet."

A gentle smile ran round the assembly.

"Scented water—when one can get sufficient water in this accursed country—is a luxury I find delightfully refreshing after a day's campaigning. But here Barboux made a mistake. He asserts that he procured some bottles of the finest scent. Judge of my surprise, on taking the scented water from the fire in order to wash before dinner—but you shall judge, Dr. Macaire. The stuff has not been thrown away. I preserved it for your inspection." He took from a corner a vessel filled with some tepid, evil-smelling mixture, and thrust it under Macaire's nose.

"Now, did Barboux bring the wrong bottles, or has the scent, as he protests, undergone some curious chemical change?"

Macaire bent down and sniffed. His face, hidden in the bowl, worked with mingled emotions.

"Barboux has evidently made a mistake, Captain," he reported. "Undoubtedly, in his haste, he brought you some abominable mixtures used for medicinal purposes by these barbarians."

"I shall have a word to say to Barboux, then," said Carbonnet. "That has been the one thing wanting to make a completely glorious day."

Half an hour later, Macaire and Dolomière crossed the narrow street to their quarters. A round moon hung like a great paper lantern in the sky; the cold evening wind swept over them from the desert. Dolomière, cheerful after his dinner, hummed a song in a somewhat raucous voice. In spite of the immense load off his mind, Macaire realised acutely that he was the only man in the Army who had fasted since morning.

"Dolomière," he said, faintly, as they entered the bare room, and struck lights from flint and steel, "where are the provisions we collected? The raisins—the sherbet—the sweetmeats—the rice?"

The naturalist looked at him in surprise.

"What, after this great banquet? Ah, I forgot. You ate nothing."

The memory of all that he had missed, the recollection of the delicious odours of the feast, made Macaire ravenous. "I was unwell," he said, with dignity. "The air revives me. Where are they?"

"Here," said Dolomière, patting his stomach. "I must confess that I ate them while you were looking for fresh provisions. I was convinced that you would be successful, and I could not resist the temptation; in fact, the safest place—"

"Pig!" cried Macaire, with such vehemence and wrath that his friend started back in amazement.

"Really, Théophraste," he said, at last, "you are the most extraordinary man I know! You sit at a good dinner without tasting a morsel; you abuse me because I eat a few wretched raisins and a spoonful of mouldy rice. I cannot tell what to make of you."

Macaire sank down on his medicine-chest, with his head buried in his hands.

"Why did I ever leave Paris?" he sobbed. "Oh, why did I leave Paris?"

THE END.



"Why did I ever leave Paris?" he sobbed.

Concerning Kisses.



I.—THE UNDAUNTED OR AUNTY KISS.

DRAWN BY FRANK REYNOLDS.

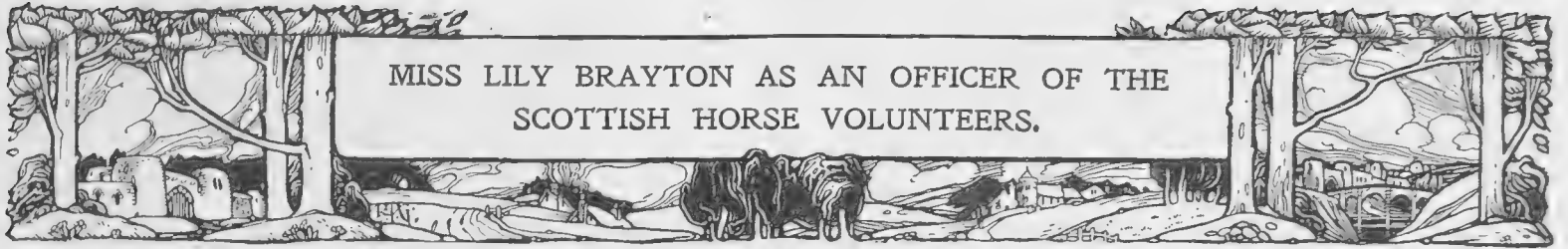
"BARONESS PAPOUCHE" IN "THE SPRING
CHICKEN."



MISS KATE CUTLER, WHO IS PLAYING THE BARONESS PAPOUCHE.

AT THE GAIETY.

Photograph by Johnston and Hoffmann.



MISS LILY BRAYTON AS HELEN CAMERON IN "UNDER WHICH KING?" AT THE ADELPHI.

In the course of "Under Which King?" Miss Lily Brayton, as Helen Cameron, disguises herself as an officer of the Scottish Horse Volunteers, in order that she may carry a despatch in place of her lover, who has been drugged.

Photograph by Johnston and Hoffmann.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

THE Rev. E. J. Hardy, author of "How to be Happy though Married," is a Chaplain in His Majesty's Forces, and has been residing in that capacity in China. He has now prepared a book about "John Chinaman at Home." He says that the Chinese delight to astonish foreigners and freely sacrifice the truth in order to attain that end. "An inhabitant of Canton, being told that the King of Great Britain was on certain occasions drawn in a carriage by eight cream-coloured horses, answered, without a moment's hesitation, 'China Emperor—twenty-four.'" Mr. Hardy has found the Chinaman full of sympathy and humour.

Stories about Sydney Smith are always pleasant reading, and one or two have been revived of late. Not many remember the great clerical humourist in the flesh, but Lady Bond, the widow of the late distinguished Librarian of the British Museum, tells how kind he was to her as a little girl at Amen Corner, and how in St. Paul's when he preached "you could almost hear a pin drop," so great was the impression which his eloquence made on the listening crowd. In 1843, when dining at the house of Charles Dickens, Sydney Smith told the company that a well-known publisher had just called upon him,

proposing that he should write a novel in the then orthodox three-volume form, and declaring his willingness to pay a liberal sum for the work. "Well, sir," said Sydney Smith, "if I do so I cannot travel out of my own line—*ne sutor ultra crepidam*, you know; I must have an Archdeacon for my hero. He must fall in love with the pew-opener. The clerk of the parish must be her confidant. Then, of course, will come tyrannical interference by the churchwardens and clandestine correspondence under the hassocks, with an appeal to the parishioners, etc., etc." The publisher was duly impressed, and not at all startled. "With that, sir," he exclaimed, "I would not presume to interfere. I must leave it all entirely to your inventive genius." "Well, sir," replied the Canon, with urbanity, as he showed his visitor to the door, "I am not prepared to come to terms—at present; but if ever I do undertake such a work you shall certainly have the refusal."

At the Associated Booksellers' Dinner in Edinburgh, the other week, a story illustrating one of Sydney Smith's most famous jokes was recalled. All the world knows Sydney Smith's saying that it required a surgical operation to get a joke into a Scotsman's head. But in 1844 he supplied a Scotsman with a consolatory interpretation of this dictum. When William Chambers, the publisher, was visiting London in 1844, there drove up to the door of his lodgings in Greek Street, Soho, an old family-coach drawn by a pair of sleek horses. From this descended an aged gentleman who, from his shovel-hat and black gaiters, was seen to be an ecclesiastical dignitary. He was ushered in and his name announced, "The Rev. Sydney Smith." "You are surprised, possibly, at my visit," said Sydney. "There is nothing at all strange about it. The originator of the *Edinburgh Review* has come to see the originator of the *Edinburgh Journal*." Smith talked about old times in Edinburgh. He made some little inquiry about Chambers's own early efforts, and he laughed when Chambers reminded him of a saying of his own about studying on a little oatmeal. "Ah, *labora, labora*," he said, sententiously.

"How that word expresses the character of your country!" "Well, we do sometimes work pretty hard," observed Chambers; "but, for all that, we can relish a pleasantry as much as our neighbours. You must have seen that the Scotch have a considerable fund of humour." "Oh, by all means," said Sydney Smith. "You are an immensely funny people, but you need a little operating upon to let the fun out. I know no instrument so effectual for the purpose as the corkscrew!"

In Mr. F. A. Mackenzie's "From Tokyo to Tiflis: Uncensored Letters from the War" (Hurst and Blackett), there is much frank and interesting matter on the woes of the War-Correspondent. In the Russo-Japanese War the Correspondents generally arrived too late. When they reached Tokyo they found that the steamer services to Korea and Manchuria were already stopped. They received polite speeches, great courtesy, and abundant hospitality, but no more. One very successful American author and playwright was sent by a weekly paper to the front. He arrived at Tokyo in March, and waited there till July. He was then permitted to join the Second Army, and after some weeks drew near Liaoyang.

The Second Army Correspondents were not given a good chance to witness the early fighting during that battle, and at the end of the first day the distinguished writer declared that he would leave if he were not permitted to see more. The Japanese officials courteously asked at what hour the next morning he would take his departure, and he had to go. Some of the men posing as War-Correspondents at Tokyo should never have been there, and the real workers suffered on account of outsiders. The Japanese have



[DRAWN BY G. L. STAMPA.]

"MEN WERE DECEIVERS EVER."

1. THE REJECTED ONE: Farewell for ever! I no longer wish to live.
If death stared me in the face, how willingly would I meet it!

2. Ten minutes later.

an elaborate and perfect spy system, and every doubtful act or word was reported to the authorities. Chance conversations were secretly listened to and reported. Officials in responsible positions catechised interpreters about the doings of Correspondents. This had the effect of alienating sympathy from the Japanese. In the end, the Japanese learned, according to Mr. Mackenzie, that the policy of antagonising the Press did not answer, and they gave confidence to those who deserved it. Mr. Mackenzie estimates the expenses of a first-class War-Correspondent at about £200 a month, apart from the cost of telegraphing his messages. Telegraph-fees may in a special week amount to £1,000.

M. Hanotaux, formerly French Minister for Foreign Affairs, was one day walking along the Quays in Paris. His mind was fixed on politics, but he was able to buy abstractedly a small volume bound in tarnished red morocco for the sum of five centimes. He afterwards found emblazoned on the cover the Arms of the Empire, and on the margins of the pages handwriting that made him start. M. Hanotaux is himself a historian of reputation. He availed himself of further expert opinion, and found that the book was an odd volume of the "Commentaries of Cæsar," annotated with free military criticisms in the autograph of the first Napoleon! The volume was traced to the Library at the Palace at Fontainebleau, and from internal evidence it appeared that the set of Cæsar had been incomplete since the Emperor had selected this volume to read in his carriage after the abdication.

O. O.

IN THE HAUNT OF THE MERMAIDS.



"Sand-strewn caverns, cool and deep,
Where the winds are all asleep;

Where the spent lights quiver and gleam,
Where the salt weed sways in the stream,

Where the sea-beasts, ranged all round,
Feed in the ooze of their pasture-ground."

— MATTHEW ARNOLD.

DRAWN BY A. L. BOWLEY.

"L'ENTENTE CORDIALE" IN THE CRICKET-FIELD.



M. DUFOUR (*who has asked permission to play in a friendly game, and has forgotten to don pads*): Ah, mon Dieu!
 Stop ze game; stop ze game! I am 'it! Bring me ze life-guards!

DRAWN BY CHARLES CROMBIE.

A SUMMER RAID IN THE MIDDLE AGES.



"AND THE WORLD WENT VERY WELL THEN."

DRAWN BY FRANK ADAMS.

JOHN HASSALL IMAGINES A SUITABLE HOLIDAY RESORT FOR HIS FRIENDS.

"For my Friends."



KNIGHT.

JOHN HASSALL PROVIDES A TREASURE-ISLAND FOR HIS WELL-WISHERS—

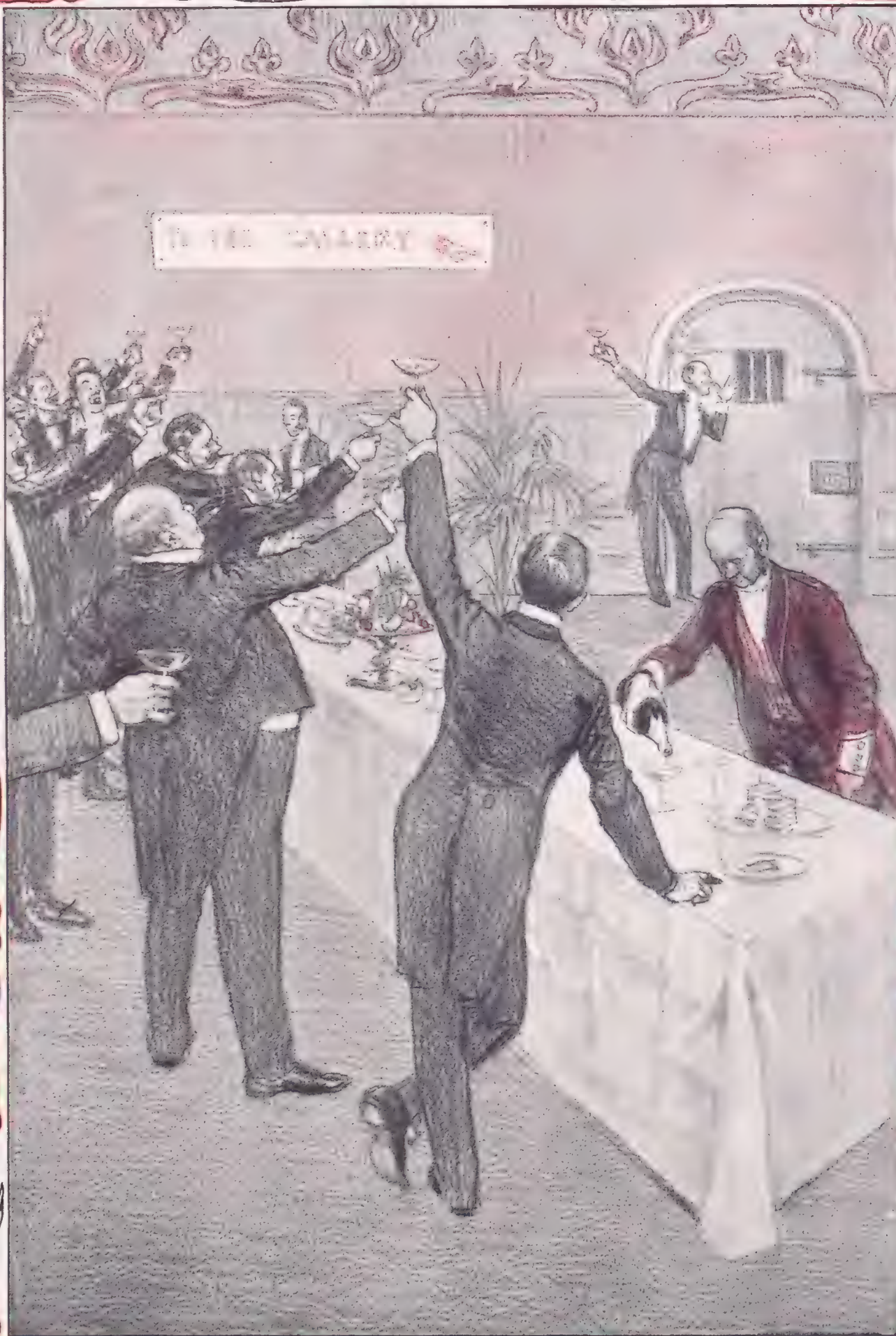
JOHN HASSALL IMAGINES A SUITABLE HOLIDAY RESORT FOR HIS ENEMIES.



—BUT A NIGHTMARE FOR MOTOR-MANIACS AND SCORCHERS.

FRANK REYNOLDS IMAGINES A SUITABLE HOLIDAY RESORT FOR HIS FRIENDS.

"For my Friends."



KNIGHT.

FRANK REYNOLDS CONSIDERS CHAMPAGNE AND THE OUTSIDE OF AN EXHIBITION OF HIS PICTURES THE HEIGHT OF BLISS—

FRANK REYNOLDS IMAGINES A SUITABLE HOLIDAY RESORT FOR HIS ENEMIES.



—WHILE FORCIBLE DETENTION WITH HIS WORKS OF ART PROVIDES HORRORS FOR HIS ENEMIES.

LAWSON WOOD IMAGINES A SUITABLE HOLIDAY RESORT FOR HIS FRIENDS.

"For my Friends."



LAWSON WOOD PREFERS A FLOATING PARADISE, WITH PATENTS, FOR HIS FRIENDS

LAWSON WOOD IMAGINES A SUITABLE HOLIDAY RESORT FOR HIS ENEMIES.



—AND DIABOLICAL TORMENTS, ALSO PATENT, FOR HIS ENEMIES.

DUDLEY HARDY IMAGINES A SUITABLE HOLIDAY RESORT FOR HIS FRIENDS.

"For my Friends."



DUDLEY HARDY SUGGESTS A GARDEN OF LOVE FOR HIS ADMIRERS—

DUDLEY HARDY IMAGINES A SUITABLE HOLIDAY RESORT FOR HIS ENEMIES.



—BUT THINKS TOO MUCH OF A GOOD THING (EVEN ICE IN SUMMER) SUITED TO HIS PARTICULAR BÊTES NOIRES.

S. H. SIME IMAGINES A SUITABLE HOLIDAY RESORT FOR HIS FRIENDS.

"For my Friends."



S. H. SIME IMAGINES A SUITABLE HOLIDAY RESORT FOR HIS ENEMIES.



—HIS TORTURES FOR HIS ENEMIES ARE TOO OBVIOUS TO NEED DESCRIPTION.

THE PROVERB THAT FAILED.



THE DOCTOR (*to a patient who has been using quack medicines*): Oh, you've been treating yourself, have you?

Don't you know the old saying, "He who treats himself has a fool for his doctor"?

THE PATIENT: Oh, lor' now, Doctor, I wouldn't go so far as to call you that!

DRAWN BY H. M. BROCK.

AN EXPRESSLY PERSONAL ADVERTISER?



"THINGS ARE NOT WHAT THEY SEEM."

From the "Personal" Column of the "Daily Express":—"A REALLY brave and daring man could help another to perform a deed that would make his name ring throughout British Isles. The risk? A brave man does not count it. The pay? The satisfaction of removing a stain on British arms. Visit to foreign country necessary. Who dares? 'Colonel.'" If the "Colonel" chances to be anything like this, will he be an ideal travelling companion?

DRAWN BY CHARLES CROMBIE.

A HINT TO TRAVELLERS ON THE CONTINENT.



SIGNOR SLEIGHTOF ANDI CONTRIVES TO CONFOUND THE CUSTOMS.

DRAWN BY RENÉ BULL.

THE DUOMO BOY.

By W. A. FRASER.

THIS is a tale of an art pilgrimage in Italy, and the unearthing of a small boy with big ears.

Two men had just rounded up their work in an American city, and the rounding-up showed there had been years of steady, faithful toil, with generous reward. They had played whist with the cards of life for big stakes, and had won the rubber.

There was not much to choose between them. One was tall, and the other of generous proportions; one fair, and the other dark; but, as men, either one was quite good enough for whatever the gods had to give. They were big men in every way: big-brained, big-hearted, and possessed of a desire for art in the same big way. Therefore they went to Italy; and because of that this story happened to little Dominico.

"We may never come again," said one, "so we'll get a few art things."

"Also have a good time," said the other.

So they looked at Como; and decked their souls in the loose flannel of careless, happy abandon in Venice; and journeyed when they liked, and rested where they wished; and loiteringly swung along southward.

But all that is not of the story—much. The true beginning was when they landed up against the Hotel del Londres, with its exotic garden and *al fresco* setting, in Pisa, close to the beautiful, muddy old Arno, with its everlasting gilding of white marble reflections and its fringe of ever-starved beggars. Their courier was filled with the delight of having at last become possessed of two mad Americans whose mania was the shedding of gold coinage and the acquisition of anything that was of no earthly value. If apoplexy did not carry them off, because of the rich eating—for they were full in the neck, like great men, of thick blood—he had sanguine hopes of an unlimited pillage which would land him proud possessor of a little vineyard up Como way.

"We may never come again," was the motto that stifled all conscience awakened by rows of lire figures which could not well be contained on any one sheet of minute Italian paper.

"Nothing is too good for us," said the fair man often.

"No, nothing," replied his friend always.

The fair man, who was rich in art longings, had acquired various bits of gold-jostled velvet. The diagonal half of an ancient robe with the Blatta purple border he had picked up in a hole in Venice.

That the Milord American saw more in this than the Courier Italian, enough more to cause him to part with five sovereigns for it, was explainable: he was mad. That simple solution obviated the thinking out of other tortuous problems.

When he bought, for a hundred lire, a dirty bit of velvet that had been steeped in the Hermione purple, the dream-colour that had perhaps lain in the City of Susa at the coming of Alexander; and another bit of Byzantine scarlet with the olive-leaved border, for another hundred, the courier simply reverted to his former conviction, and waited for the dawn of more rational things—perhaps the good time. That was the one subject the two eccentric Americans were sane on, according to Pietro; they knew how to order a banquet worthy of the ancient owners of the tawdry rags they bought.

When the fair man unearthed a tattered robe of Venetian blue, tattered by four centuries of careless handling, nobody but himself was enthusiastic. Even his friend looked solemn, and the courier was filled with pity. It was such a useless mania when they might have spent so much time pleasantly. The money thrown away over these disreputable things would have acquired mountains of spaghetti and rivers of wine. Not that they were ever hungry or athirst, for, as the fair man had remarked, nothing was too good for them.

The acquiring of a patina-covered medallion which had found its way to Pisa from the hands of the thieving digger who had stolen it at the excavating of the Monte Giustizia, in Rome, for twenty pounds, was the occasion for a dinner at the Hotel del Londres that ran into a rank-and-file of lire figures as long as a lead-pencil.

In other moments of aberration the joyous American filled his pockets with divers things. A glass cup of early Christian days, with inscriptions delicately worked in between two thicknesses of the glass walls; a rare intaglio; a Fustina medal; two or three cameos, one signed by Hydoras; a silver statuette, rich in the most beautiful patina; and bits of old lace, such as the field-spiders weave across the rut in the roadway to catch the dew for their morning bath—the Punto du Aria of the cool, moist fingers that spun the dream things in the seventeenth century. Oh, but he was full of a love for beautiful things, this mad American of Pietro's despair.

Over the Ponte Solferino lies the road to the Piazza del Duomo. The day the two Americans, who were possessed with this oblique art-mania, followed Pietro up to the north-west corner of the Ghibelline city the wind was cold and the sun fought hard with the grey of the dead summer.

The white marble walls of the Duomo threw the light back in shivering sheets—it was so cold. Guarding the bronze doors of Giovanni de Bologna, the marble columns stood sentinel in the grey Western light. Eagerly the heart of the fair man beat as he thought of the treasures within. Del Sarto and Pisano, and the others, would talk to him in their living works of the dead past and its never-dying art.

"Thank the Virgin!" thought Pietro, "there is nothing here the queer Milord can buy—nothing; not even absolution."

Little Dominico saw a field of much promise, and he thought—wait, we shall see.

The fair American dreamed his way in through the bronze gates. There was the one that Giovanni Pisano had fretted about eight centuries before.

Inside, the basilica itself dreamed lazily; its hundred mellow eyes half-closed by the glaze of blue and gold and scarlet, and the purple of flowing robes that a great Master had limned with deathless-touch. Granite colonnade on granite colonnade stood draped in the gentle gloom, firm and everlasting—rock of ages sculptured into form of beauty. The fair man slipped into a seat—he rested his body there; but his soul wandered down past the everlasting columns to the Archbishop's throne, and hovered for a little just in front of Del Sarto's "St. Peter and the Baptist."

Through the bronze doors out of the cold came little Dominico. The north wind had stiffened the thin ears, big always, until they stood straight out from his small, round head. How bloodless they were. Even the dim light of the blue windows shone through them. They came between the fair man and the Del Sarto. His soul came back, vexed; why had something come between them? it asked the fair man.

Little Dominico did not know of this; his stomach was the motive-power of his thoughts, and souls and arts were not of the same importance as steaming-hot spaghetti. It was ages since he had eaten an unstinted meal. The thought of his leanness made him weakly restless. He clanked one sabot noisily on the marble floor of the nave, as he stood just in front of the seat the Americans had. The cold had taken the fibre out of his thin limbs; he shifted his weight to the other leg, clacking his sabots villainously, and the Art Man got his eyes in line with Gedde's mosaic of the Madonna. The thin ears of Dominico had dropped out of his life; there was such a multitude of things greater than a small, living boy.

On his right was an altar by Del Sarto. It was a dream—but the sabots! Would they never cease clattering? Back to Dominico they brought the eyes of the art dreamer. He turned over in his mind little tortures he would like to wreak on the offender. If the Inquisition were only still in running order, gladly he would have dropped a note in the lion's mouth that would have stretched the destroyer of his art peace on the rack. All at once the hunger atmosphere that was over the boy struck on the big man's senses; how cold he looked, too! It was all there in the broad, deep chest of the big American: love of the art, love of humanity, love and pity for anything that needed it.

A happy inspiration came. He jingled the quart of centissime Pietro had poured into his pocket before they had left the hotel. The Milord was always throwing lire where these copper things would do as well.

Far down in the gloom, beyond the transept, the organ, with full-blown throat, rocked the marble walls. Behind Dominico a handful of centissime clinked softly. He heard the minor note, and turned eagerly—that was the hunger sentinel.

The man with the coins smiled encouragingly and held a handful surreptitiously in the aisle. The big-eyed boy turned with a sinuous twist, and his rimless straw hat received the copper bribe.

"*Gratia*, Milord!" and Dominico had slipped out into the cold—the centissime lay closer to his lean stomach than the unnourishing art of centuries.

The Big Man smiled as the last clack of sabot died away. If peace could be always bought for a few centissime, he thought, regretfully.

Cimabue's Christ mosaic in the apse; the bronze figures on the holy-water basin; Ghirlandajo's frescoes; and all the rest of the deathless art crowded in on him, and pushed his friend far, far off into the shadowland of forgetfulness. But the friend got tired of silent nothingness, and said, presently, "Let's go home"—meaning, of course, the hotel.

Outside, the grey cold of the open brought back to the American the memory of Dominico's pinched face, and what he had done began to trouble him. "I say, Jim," he exclaimed, addressing his friend; "did you see that boy inside?"

"Yes, and heard him," answered Jim, decisively.

"Well, I wish I could find him," continued the Art Man.

"To get your money back?" queried Jim.

"No, give him more. Say, Jim, do you know what I did?"

"Yes, you gave him capital to start in life with. He could hardly carry it."

"I gave him about five cents, and he was cold and hungry—hadn't any clothes, and probably hadn't had a square meal for three months; and I gave him *five cents*. What did the dinner cost last night, Jim?"

"A couple of hundred lire, wines and all, I guess."

"And I gave this fellow that is hungry, and probably has been hungry ever since he was born, five cents. Do you see what's bothering me now?"

"Yes, I know. I've seen it often enough before to know what will happen if you can find him; but they will probably live in retirement—the whole family—until that money's spent—live like Princes for a time."

The next day Pietro and his prey left for Rome. The hotel bill when they were leaving was handed to the Art Man. He looked at it for a second, then, steadying his nerves, beckoned mysteriously to his friend Jim.

When they had drawn to one side, he said, "What do you suppose the bill is, Jim?"

"Oh, I don't know. Pretty steep, I fancy. We didn't leave anything they had untried."

"What do you say to a thousand pounds?"

"A thousand cats! Of course, this man's a robber, but he can't hold us up like that."

But there it was on the bill, right enough—£1,000. "A thousand pounds for three days, and I gave that poor, starved little devil five cents!"

But Signor Pietro le Courier elucidated matters. Seeing trouble on the treasury benches, he began to tremble for his commission, and drew near. With much vigorous English the two friends explained that a thousand pounds was an indefensible overcharge. Pietro's eyes glistened. It was not pounds at all, Milords; it was lire—1,000L.—two hundred dollars.

Then for days one man garnered sheaves of regret because of the smallness of his offering to Dominico; and the friend's lot was unrest, because of that same five-cent gift.

In the end Jim was converted, or contaminated, whichever it was; and at every one of their little banquets sat the skeleton of the thin-eared starveling who had been driven out by a paltry nickel in centissime that they might have peace. It was an unholy bargain. They were certainly robbing the little Italian and his hungry brothers and sisters when they spent money lavishly; for John—that was the fair man's name—knew there must be others in that same family, all hungry and cold. It became unbearable.

When John got a green-cruet bronze from Sandola, in Rome, for half the sum he meant to pay for it, he determined to remit part of the saving to the Duomo boy—if he could find him. Also Jim wished to send him a hundred lire; he knew there was no other road to peace than to find the waif and feed him.

Pietro, the ever-ready, was consulted. No, he had not seen the boy. Perhaps he had seen him, but there were many boys, and they were always hungry and cold. Yes, even most of them were thin-eared, and wore sabots—if they wore anything. By the Virgin! but Pisa was a big place, and the boys were common as the dogs. Also, the Milord had loaded the young villain down with wealth out of his goodness.

Pietro might as well have declared that there was no such thing as sunshine; both Jim and John were men who accomplished things—and Pietro *must* find the boy; did he hear? *must* find him. On that cold morning, early, too, he would not have wandered far to gaze at marble walls and art things, however holy. He must live close to the Duomo Piazza.

Then Pietro received an inspiration. Merciful Mother! why had he not thought of it before? The hotel-keeper, who knew everybody, would find the boy, perhaps. So Pietro wrote the letter that requested the host of the "Londres" to search for little Dominico, only they didn't know his name, the little boy who lived in the north-west of Pisa, close to the Piazza del Duomo, and to whom Milord had given the immense gift in the cathedral.

"If the hotel-keeper doesn't find him," said the seeker, "I will go back myself. This is a thing that *must* be done—don't you think so, Jim?"

"I'm sure of it," answered the other, dryly; "that is, if we wish to devote our minds to anything else while we are in Italy."

All the other things that had been so much before were trifles now—subservient to the letter Pietro might get from mine host of Pisa. Important letters came from America to the two men of affairs, but they were trifles. Eagerly Pietro's mail was waited for.

Days came and went, ten of them—days of eager expectation and empty disappointment. On the eleventh Pietro had a letter—from Pisa. The courier read it to the queer men who were chasing the ghost light—that is, he read parts of it: parts of it he whispered to himself.

Mine host well remembered the two Americans who lived like Princes, American Princes (this Pietro read aloud), and bought the useless velvet rags and torn lace for what use not even the gods could determine (this Pietro whispered to himself). Remembering their generosity, mine host had searched day and night, and at last had found the boy. Pietro read this sentence with much emphasis.

The boy's name was Dominico, the son of a poor shoemaker who was too ill to work. Dominico had five brothers and sisters, and, while some in Italy were poor, Dominico's family was even worse off.

Then mine host described the boy with all the Italian power of pen-painting; until John cried enthusiastically, "That's the lad—that's the thin-eared whelp—poor devil!"

"He's got the right one," added Jim; "now, what are you going to do about it?"

John fished a hundred-lire note from his pocket, and, as he stood thinking for an instant, Jim quietly handed him another.

"Come here," he said to Pietro.

At the writing-table he dictated to the courier. If mine host would be so kind as to see this matter through, they would gladly pay him for his trouble. First, the whole family was to have a good square meal, a hot meal; then Dominico was to have a complete outfit—clothes, boots, and hat; the balance of the money was to be doled out to the family as boniface thought best.

At last there was peace for the two friends. Not since they were schoolboys had they felt so supremely happy; a load had been taken off their minds. They feasted and bought art things, and went to Florence, and with them always was the knowledge that the boy with the starved ears was also of a full stomach. It would have been cheap at a thousand lire; but neither one of the men looked at it in that light.

A week in Florence, and they arrived back in Rome.

The big mail that awaited them was only just mail—a bundle of letters; for Pietro had a missive from Pisa. Also there was a parcel for Milord the American Prince.

John pretended to be furious; but his big heart gave a smothering little jump into his throat when he saw it. "The silly creatures have sent us a present of some sort in return," he said; "but read the letter first, Pietro, till we see how they're getting on. We'll have to send them another instalment, eh, Jim?"

Then Pietro read. There was a full and exhaustive account from mine host as to how the money had been expended; and for the Milord who loved these old things, these torn velvets and rags of disrepute, he had sent the boy's old clothes—the very clothes he had seen on him in the cathedral, and had longed so for. But the money sent had been far too much; two lire would have bought the lot.

"Great Heavens!" exclaimed John; "the Italian sweep thinks we sent that money to get the boy's old rags, because he saw us buying the ancient velvets and things."

Into Jim's massive face crept a look of sheepishness; the cockles of his heart that had been warmed by the generous contamination of his friend became chilled. They had been most royally misunderstood. Secretly, he felt a determination to put the misunderstanding right; but he said nothing, and watched curiously his friend light a big cigar, which he puffed at vigorously, as a man does when he has thrown the steam-valve of his mind wide open and is thinking at full pressure.

Presently John said, with a full, masculine incision, "I wouldn't leave this flea-bitten country with that thing sticking in my crop if I spent three months and ten thousand to put it right. I'm no travelling philanthropic institution, but, Great Scott! we can't have these Dagoes thinking that all an American is out for is a bargain in something."

"It's natural to the country," commented Jim; "they buy prayers, and salvation, and everything else by the word, just as an editor in our country gets his articles. Pietro might fix it, I guess."

The courier had gone out into the Italian sunshine, so Jim's explosion of disgust was for John only and the white walls of their compartment.

"That Dago! he's a brigand! Hasn't he messed up everything but his macaroni that he's touched since we were cast of an evil fate into his clutches?"

"What'll you do?" queried Jim.

"Do? Why, I'm going to Pisa myself—so are you. We'll give them back the togs and half a bushel of these copper coins, just to show them that when an American tries to act white there're no strings on his gift."

"You're the doctor," commented Jim, with weary resignation. "We might as well go to Pisa as any other place, I guess. I think I'd like to have another look at that old church, anyway."

"Did you ever see such rags?" exclaimed John, as they gathered Dominico's threadbare clothes into a bundle. "Say," he continued, "I wonder if these rats are like our boys at home. When I was a kid my pockets were a sight. I remember mother scolding many a time because of the things I treasured up: a top, string, screw-nails; once I had half of a wire birdcage stowed away in my pockets. How were yours, Jim? Money, I suppose, in yours?"

"There wasn't much of that even in the old man's pockets. I guess mine were generally long on holes and short on everything else."

Jim was running his fat fingers through the pockets of little Dominico's wardrobe. "I wonder if this rat had the same idea as our boys. Like as not, we'll find a string of beads or a wooden cross—if there's anything. I guess they're like his stomach was—pretty empty. Hello! here's a paper."

The big man unfolded a sheet of white paper and studied it intently.

"Latin?" queried Jim, laconically.

The other did not answer for an instant; but presently,

smoothing the paper with the tenderness of a woman, held it up in front of his friend.

"What do you think of that?" he asked, triumphantly.

Even Jim's eye, unpractised in art, saw that it was an exquisite drawing of a head; clear, beautiful, strong touches that made the eyes speak and the lips quiver until they whispered of life somewhere, a life allied to the sketch.

"It's great!" commented Jim.

"It's greater," added John.

"I suppose he stole it," suggested Jim.

"Just as you stole your power to master men, Jim; just as I stole whatever is in me to succeed in some few things."

"You think he drew it himself?"

"Yes; here is his name. And they have queer ideas about art in this land that's good for little else. That's why the rat's face haunted me—he had it in him, this thing."

Jim knew that his friend's enthusiasm was all right. To himself the drawing, as he called it, was pleasing. He could not appreciate the great promise its every faultless line gave, but he knew that John could. He would have accepted blindly his friend's advice to put thousands into an enterprise; so he accepted without question John's valuation of Dominico as a great artist.

"What shall we do?" he asked, simply.

"Take these duds back to Pisa, of course, and—and—well, we'll just prove this deduction of ours." John accented "ours." "What did Pietro say the boy's name was?"

"Domino," promptly responded Jim.

"Dominico," corrected the big man. "And Dominico will have more of these things about him, and we'll get him to give us some off-hand proof of his talent."

It was wonderful how the majesty of art had thrown out its compelling influence to the extent of causing its devotee to abolish from his vocabulary the casual appellations he had applied to the creator of the pencilled head. Before, the starveling had been "Rat,"

"Dago," all kindly enough, but without reverence; now, he was Dominico, by grace of his art.

So in process to Pisa, and there Dominico was found without trouble.

And John, the man who did nothing by halves, proved good the value of his convictions; and little Dominico, the starveling of the Duomo, he of the thin ears, became at the end Dominico Cuni the Great.

But the story of the years is too long; it is the story of the old clothes that tells of the finding of the jewel.



THE GOURMAND: Waiter! I ordered ox-tail soup. There's no meat in this. What is it?

THE WAITER: Ox-tail soup, Sir. Yes, Sir.

THE GOURMAND: Then what d'you mean by making it out of a Manx ox?

THE YOUNGER GENERATION OF PLAYERS.



MISS DORA BARTON.

MISS DORA BARTON.

MISS OLIVE MAY, THE EMMY-LOU OF "THE SPRING CHICKEN."

Photographs by Lemeilleur.

A MUSICAL-COMEDY STAR AS CONCERT SINGER.



MISS EVIE GREENE, WHO IS NOW TOURING WITH HER OWN CONCERT PARTY.

Miss Evie Greene is to return to America early in September in order to resume her part in "The Duchess of Dantzic." Meantime she is touring this country with her own Concert Party, and will pay flying visits to all the large cities and towns.

Photograph by Lemeilleur.



Illustrated by RALPH CLEAVER.

A PARROT in a neighbouring verandah had been screaming after the atrocious fashion of his kind, and I had expressed views of the origin, nature, and ultimate destination of parrots which were not complimentary, when Captain Foster, withdrawing his pipe from his lips, said, "If I were you, sir, I'd be careful what I said about that parrot. I shouldn't feel altogether easy if I was on bad terms with him."

"You see," continued the ancient mariner, after a pause, "most folks think that a parrot is nothing but a bird, and doesn't understand anything he says. That's a mistake. A parrot, when he learns to speak a language, understands it just as any foreigner does who learns to speak it. Now, according to all the authorities, a bird is a beast, and a beast can't reason, and can't speak English. But, seeing as a parrot can do both, it stands to reason that he isn't either a bird nor a beast. Just what he is I won't say, though I've my own idea about it."

"I knew a parrot once who navigated a schooner over four hundred miles, and brought her safe into port. I know well enough that you won't believe the yarn, for landmen never believe anything that they haven't seen with their own identical eyes. Landmen don't believe there is any sea-serpent, just because the sea-serpent don't come ashore. Now, I've seen a sea-serpent twice in my life, and I've always been a strict teetotaler; but I shouldn't expect you to believe me if I went before a Consul and made an affidavit of the fact."

"I was able seaman aboard the *Highlander*, along with Captain Pratt, bound from Liverpool to New York. I mention that I was an A.B., for it was the first time I had shipped as such, and I was mighty proud of it. Just off the edge of the Banks, the weather being clear and the sea smooth, with a gentle breeze from the north-west, we sighted a schooner under bare poles, and as we came near her it looked as if she was deserted. The old man was always on the look-out for a salvage job, so he hove to and told the mate to take a boat and go aboard the schooner and find out what was wrong with her. The mate wasn't gone more than half-an-hour, and when he came back I heard what he said to the Captain, I being at the wheel at the time."

"There's nobody aboard her, sir," said the mate. "Her provisions and water are all right, but I can't make out what's become of her people."

"She's a fisherman, ain't she?" asked the old man.

"She's a fisherman, plain enough," answered the mate. "She's the *Good Luck*, of Marblehead. She's brand-new, and I reckon this is her first voyage."

"My idea is," said the old man, "that her people went a-fishing, and a fog came up and they lost her. Probably the boat-keeper fell

overboard, or went crazy and jumped overboard when he found that the crew didn't come back. Such things have happened before now."

"Anyhow," said the mate, "there's a nice salvage job waiting for us, if so be that you're disposed to take it up."

"We're strong-handed," said the Captain, "and we can spare Smith and four hands easy enough. Ask Mr. Smith to come to me at once, for we can't waste time lying here."

"Smith was the third mate. He was a big, bloated chap, who had been master of a ship in his time, but rum had brought him back to the fokesle. Pratt had shipped him as third mate, so as to give him one more chance—he and Smith having been friends when they were young. When Smith came aft, the old man asked him if he was game to take four men and take the schooner into Boston, which he naturally said he was. So volunteers were called for, and I was one of the four who were selected."

"The other three were good men, all of them. There was a Cockney, from Whitechapel way, by the name of Thompson, who was a good sailorman, but always stood in need of washing;

and there was a Yankee by the name of Anderson, who knew all there was to know about handling a fore-and-after; and there was an Irishman by the name of Dublin, who was a first-class fighter. We four and Smith got our traps together and tumbled into the boat in a hurry, two other men coming along to bring the boat back. Smith had a sextant and a chronometer with him, though the chronometer wasn't of much account, owing to its having a habit of stopping now and then for half-an-hour or so, and then going on again without mentioning the fact. But if we couldn't find the longitude ourselves, we could always get it from any ship that we might meet, provided, of course, that she shouldn't happen to be a Dago that depended on the saints for navigation instead of depending on proper observations. It stands to reason that the saints know mighty little about navigation, they all having died before the sextant and the chronometer were



"She's a fisherman, ain't she?" asked the old man."

invented, and there hasn't been such a thing as a saint at sea since scientific navigation came in.

"Well, we rowed over to the schooner and climbed aboard. Barring that the halyards had been let go in a hurry, the mainsail and foresail lying as they fell, there wasn't much disorder about her. We dumped our dunnage into the fokesle, made sail, and cleared up the decks. Smith told Anderson, who was at the wheel—she steering with a travelling-wheel, which wasn't common among fishermen—to keep her due West, while he went below to hunt up a chart. Presently Dublin sings out that there was somebody in the galley, and just then we heard a voice singing—

"I would not live alway,
I ask not to stay."

The voice came from the galley, and, when we looked in at the door, there was a big blue-and-yellow parrot perched on a kettle, and singing the two lines of his hymn as solemn as a parson. 'Hullo!' says he, when he saw us, 'how's her head?' Dublin was that astonished that he answered, quite respectfully, 'West, a little north-erly, sir,' just as if the bird was an officer. 'Keep her West by No'th,' says the parrot, 'and turn to all of you.' With that he hops down and waddles out on deck, not condescending to so much as look at us.

"Well," said Dublin, 'fhatever is thot? Is it a baste or a devil?'

"It's betwixt and between," says Thompson, 'for it's a bloomin' parrot. Never you mind him, Dublin, but bear a hand and get dinner.' You see, we had settled that

Dublin was to cook, that being the sort of thing that comes handy to Irish folks; whether they are men or women. Dublin swore that he came from County Cork, but, judging from the fact that he couldn't cook anything but oatmeal, I've my suspicions that he was a Scotchman gone wrong. You take a Scotchman and turn him into an Irishman, and you've got all the faults and none of the virtues of either.

"We waited a couple of hours for Smith to come on deck again, but, as he didn't come, we went below, and found him lying dead on the deck with an empty brandy-bottle by his side. Being dead, we couldn't exactly make out whether he was drunk or not, but the chances are that he had emptied a full bottle, and died of apoplexy. So we stitched him up, and did our best to give him Christian burial. Not having any prayer-book aboard, and none of us knowing the correct sailing directions for a funeral, we left it all to Dublin, who said what sounded like a good, solid Latin prayer, and then we slid poor Smith overboard.

"After the funeral was over, we agreed that Anderson should act as skipper. He and Dublin were to be the starboard watch,

and Thompson and I the port watch—Thompson acting as mate. Anderson said he would undertake to handle the schooner in any sort of weather, but, says he, 'I don't know no more about navigation than that there parrot.' He was going to say something more, when the parrot, who was sitting on the skylight, pretending to draw corks, sings out, 'Keep her West by No'th. Don't you run her off, cuss your eyes!'

"Thompson was at the wheel, and he didn't seem to like the way the parrot spoke, but Anderson told him to obey orders. 'Either that parrot knows what he is about,' said Anderson, 'or he don't. If he knows, we ought to follow his directions. If he don't know, why, he's as wise as the rest of us. So we'll keep her West by No'th, and see what comes of it.'

"The next day we ran into as thick a fog as you ever met on the Banks, which wasn't altogether the fair thing, we being, as I judged, a good forty miles to the westward of the Banks. I was at the

wheel, and all hands were on the lookout, except Dublin, who was striking the bell every few minutes. The parrot was swinging upside-down in the main rigging, and enjoying the fog, which showed, as Dublin said, that he was more devil than bird. All at once, somebody sings out, 'Hard a-starboard!' I jammed the tiller over, and, as she came up in the wind, a big, full-rigged ship rushed by on our starboard side, so close that the port bumpkin fouled us and was carried clean away, letting her main-brace drop overboard.

"Anderson wanted to know who had given the order to starboard, but none of us had done it, so it followed that it must

have been the parrot. Dublin was more certain than ever that the parrot was an emissary of the devil. 'Don't he sing hymns?' asked the Irishman. 'And was there ever a pious parrot since parrots was first invented? If he were to cuss, I'd perhaps be willin' to admit that he was a bird, but seein' as he sings hymns, he's nayther more nor less than a devil.'

"Anyhow," says Anderson, 'he's saved this hooker from being run down with the whole gang of us. He knows a sight more than anybody else aboard this schooner. Didn't he give us the course for Boston, and didn't he sight that ship when none of us saw her? After this, that parrot is going to be skipper here, and I'm only mate. I'll take his orders every time, and I'll bet he'll bring us into Boston all right.'

"The bird cahnt tike charge," says Thompson. 'Where's 'is certifikite? That's what I'd loike to know.'

"Who cares about his certificate as long as he knows his business?" says Thompson. 'Besides, somebody has got to take charge, and there ain't one of us that has got a certificate, or ever will get one.'



"'Hullo!' says he, when he saw us, 'how's her head?'"

"'Wot I meanersye is,' continued Thompson, 'that I don't believe in your bloomin' bird. 'E don't know wot he says. 'E just repeats wot 'e's 'card, and because once in a while it 'appens to come in pat, you think 'e's an A.B., and fit for to order sailormen around. Wye, look 'ere, I'll tork to 'im a bit, and you'll see 'ow 'e answers me.'

"Thompson went up to the parrot, and, says he, 'You're a stupid, low-down bird. You 'ear me?'

"The parrot cocked his head on one side, and listened to Thompson as if he understood every word he said. Then he ripped out, 'You're no sailorman. You're a dirty blacksmith. Get off my quarter-deck!'

"Thompson stepped back so sudden that he pretty near carried away the binnacle; and we laughed till he was sulky and offered to fight all hands.

"'Perhaps now,' says Anderson, 'you'll believe that the parrot knows what he is saying. Why, his description of you, Thompson, was as correct as if he had known you since you were a baby. It was what you might call lifelike.'

"'E's a bird, for all that,' says Thompson; 'and I'll wring his neck if he gives me any more of his lip.'

"'If he's a bird,' says Anderson, 'he hasn't got any lip, birds being built with beaks. As to neck-wringing, if there's any of that to be done, I calculate to do it myself, and I shan't begin with the parrot. He's skipper here, and he's to be obeyed and respected accordingly; and if you don't like it, I'll have no more to do with handling the schooner.'

"Anderson was a good fellow, and none of us except him knew the first thing about a fore-and-after. So we said things should be as he wanted them, and that so long as the parrot gave sensible orders we'd obey them.

"Dublin made one condition, however. 'I'll obey the bird,' says he, 'till we gets within sight of land, but after that I won't risk my mortal soul by obeying a devil. Off soundings I don't mind what I do, but ashore I'll have no dealing with the father of lies.' Thompson said nothing. He'd already had his say about the parrot, and he wasn't feeling fit for conversation just then, for he was thinking over what the bird had said about him.

"After the fog lifted; which it did in the course of the day, we had good weather for the rest of the passage, with an occasional stiff breeze from the westward. Once we had to heave the schooner to for all night and wait for better times, sitting under shelter of the weather-rail. So far as we could see, that parrot never turned in day nor night. He seemed to feel that he was responsible for the schooner, and he'd look up at her spars with one eye and mutter to himself as if he wasn't altogether satisfied with the way the rigging was set up, which was just how we felt ourselves. He talked a lot, and it is only fair to say that considerable of his talk wasn't suited to the occasion. For instance, there can't be any doubt that for him to call himself 'Poor Polly,' when he wasn't a Polly, which I understand to be a female bird, didn't show any particular good sense. My own idea is that for the most part he was low in his spirits, for he was forever singing his eternal song about not wanting to live always, and

wishing that folks wouldn't ask him to stay. One day, when he had expressed his views about this and the next world for the fiftieth time, or thereabouts, Thompson spoke up and said, 'Oo the blazes wants you to live halways? 'Oo's been arskin' you to stop 'ere? Garn and quit livin' as soon as you like.'

"That didn't suit the parrot's idea of respectful language. He looked at Thompson for a while, and then, so sudden that it made us jump, he sings out, 'Go and soak your head!' Thompson shut up at once. He saw that he was bound to get the worst of it in any argument with that bird, and he gave up the attempt for good. Still, I felt with him that to hear the parrot saying that he didn't want to live always, when we didn't know how near we might be to the coast, and whether we should pile up on Sable Island or Cape Cod, wasn't cheering. I'm a pious man myself, both afloat and ashore, but I'm free to say that I don't like singing hymns at sea about wanting to die, and so on. You might get taken at your word. Ashore, hymns are all right, for there you are on dry land, and as safe as a reasonable man can ask to be.

"About noon one morning we sighted the lighthouse on Minot's Reef, and by sunset we were in Boston harbour. We'd made as good a landfall as the best navigator afloat could have made, and we knew that the credit of it was due to the parrot, and not to any one of us, we not having taken an observation of any kind, and the chronometer having run down and quit work. As soon as we got ashore we went in search of a lawyer to take up our claim for salvage. The bar-keeper at the Sailor's Paradise told us of a cousin of his who was the best lawyer in Boston for managing sailors' cases, so we chartered him in the old man's name, and told him to go ahead and get the salvage money for us.

"Would you believe it, sir! We never got a red cent, and it was

all on account of that parrot. When the case came up in Court, we all swore that it was the parrot who had brought us into Boston, we not being navigators. After we had been cross-examined till the opposition lawyer got tired, the Court decided that the salvage should go to the parrot, and not a dollar to us. Leastways, the Court said that the parrot had saved the schooner, and that, accordingly, the salvage belonged to the owner of the parrot, who was, as it turned out, the captain of the schooner. Our lawyer tried to do his best, but, unfortunately, he happened to be sober that day and couldn't do himself justice. Five thousand dollars was what the Court allowed to the owner of the parrot, but, as I afterwards heard, none of it was ever paid, because the owner was, as I said, the captain of the schooner, and a captain can't claim salvage for saving his own vessel. So nobody ever got any money for the job of bringing that schooner safe into Boston, which may have been law, but wasn't justice.

"Sometimes I wonder if that parrot really knew as much as we gave him credit for; but then I remember what he said about Thompson when he described Thompson's character. Birds don't hit on great, fundamental truths like that by accident, and that parrot must have known what he was talking about, which is what some men don't always know."

THE END.



"The parrot . . . ripped out, 'You're no sailorman. You're a dirty blacksmith. Get off my quarter-deck!'"

THE MORGANATIC WIFE OF A RUSSIAN GRAND DUKE.



COUNTESS TORBY, WIFE OF THE GRAND DUKE MICHAEL.

The Grand Duke Michael and his accomplished wife, Countess Torby, make their home in this country at Keele Hall, Staffordshire, to which they returned last week. Owing to the War, they are not taking part in any public entertainments, and they were not, for instance, at Ascot, a fact there were very many to regret. The Countess, although not technically of Royal birth, is related to half the reigning Sovereigns of Europe.

Photograph by Lafayette, Bond Street, W.

ADRIENNE LECOUVREUR, THE DAVID GARRICK OF THE FRENCH STAGE.

APROPOS OF MME. SARAH BERNHARDT'S PRODUCTION OF HER NEW VERSION OF "ADRIENNE LECOUVREUR."

THE David Garrick of the French stage. That is the light in which Adrienne Lecouvreur must appeal to English students of the French stage, though Garrick was only a boy of fourteen and had not begun to dream of being an actor when Mademoiselle Lecouvreur died, in 1730. Just as Garrick by his natural manner gave the death-blow to bombast on our own stage, so Adrienne Lecouvreur banished artificiality from the French theatre.

Before her time the actors used to declaim verse in a sort of chant, while she adopted a natural mode of speech which neither lacked impressiveness nor failed to do full justice to the metre. Indeed, one of her critics has said that she began where her comrades ended. She thus occupied much the same position in her day as the most famous of her impersonators; Madame Sarah Bernhardt, does now. There is thus a peculiar interest in the great French actress writing and appearing in a play founded on facts in the life of her predecessor which were not available for Scribe when he wrote his famous play on the subject. In that work the love of Adrienne and Maurice de Saxe forms the basis of the drama, as every playgoer is aware. Madame Sarah Bernhardt has, however, discarded this idea in favour of another, though all the existing evidence goes to show that the supreme love of the actress's life was inspired by de Saxe. He arrived in Paris in 1720, and left in 1726 to regain his Duchy of Courland. He needed money, and, in order that his troops might be suitably equipped, Adrienne sold diamonds to the amount of forty thousand livres to help him in his enterprise. He was away two years, and on the day he was expected back she wrote to a friend, "One who has long been expected will come back this evening, as far as one may judge in fairly good health. A courier has arrived who was sent on before, as the carriage had broken down thirty leagues away. A light chaise has started, and to-night someone will be here." That "someone's" bust was always in her room, and as she lay dying she turned to the priest who attended her, and, pointing to it, exclaimed, "Voilà mon univers, mon espoir et mes dieux."

Love, adoration, passion could carry no human being beyond those words!

Adrienne was born in Chalons in April 1692, and was taken to Paris by her father, a hatter, when she was barely ten. They lived in the poorest quarter of the Faubourg St. Germain, not far from where the Théâtre-Français stood, and, as she was exceedingly pretty and engaging, she attracted the attention of the habitués of the theatre—probably, too, of the actors. She soon became stage-struck, and when she was thirteen she joined a Company of juvenile actors who played in what was probably a "fit-up" theatre in the courtyard of a house near by. Her impersonation of Pauline in "Polyeucte" struck Legrand, a comedian of the Français, so forcibly that his report of her ability frightened his comrades, and they actually secured the arrest of the children. They were lodged in the Temple. Luckily, the Grand Prieur de Vendôme was addicted to the theatre, and he ordered the youngsters to play for him and his friends, with the gaolers in the background. So impressed was he with their talent that he released them, with words of special encouragement for Adrienne. After that escapade Adrienne's father determined to put her to something useful, so he apprenticed her to his sister, a washerwoman. From this uncongenial occupation Legrand sought her out and rescued her, as he considered such talent as hers would be wasted if not devoted to the playhouse. He was a mediocre actor who had the gift of teaching, and there is very little doubt that he was the original from whom Scribe drew the Michonnet of his play. After Adrienne had studied with him for some time he got her an engagement in Strasburg, and so great was her success

that she actually starred through Alsace and Lorraine. On her return to Paris, he encouraged her to apply to the Théâtre-Français for an appearance. In part, no doubt, by his influence, this was given to her, and she made her début in the historic house on May 14, 1717, and won an instant success. There seems to be some doubt as to the part she played; but whether, as some assert, it was Monime in Racine's "Mithridate," in the "Electre" of Crebillon, or Iphigénie, there is no question as to the result, and she soon became a member of the most famous theatrical Company in the world. One night, when she was playing Roxane in "Bejazyet," she noticed a man enveloped in a big cloak in the stage-box. Though the audience was enraptured, he seemed almost unmoved, though every now and then he would exclaim "Good!" She asked who he was, and was told it was the famous grammarian Dumarsais. She invited him to dinner, and, though she had prepared an exceedingly dainty meal for him, nothing would satisfy him but that she should recite to him first. His demeanour was precisely the same as it had been at the theatre. Now and again he muttered "Good," but he gave no other sign of approval.

Adrienne was amazed. "In what have I failed to please you?" she asked.

Dumarsais replied, "Madame, in my judgment you are better than any actress on the stage, but you have still one thing to learn. When you succeed in giving each word and syllable its proper inflection and accentuation, you will equal, if you do not, indeed, surpass, everyone who has preceded you."

Adrienne clapped her hands. "Where can I find a teacher like you?" she asked, and at once began to take lessons from him, as she did from Voltaire. Indeed, she acted in several of Voltaire's earlier plays, to the success of which she contributed in great degree. Voltaire, on his side, had the deepest esteem for her talent, and addressed to her some of the most beautiful lines he ever wrote. It was in his arms, as he says, that she died, though it seems probable that her death was not hastened by poison sent by her rival in the affections of Maurice de Saxe, the Duchesse de Bouillon—according to one of the stories current at the time and used by Scribe in the *dénouement* of his play—but was the result of internal inflammation.

In the poisoning episode, an Abbé—the Abbé Bouret—was

concerned. He was a hunchback and a miniature-painter, and was said to be in the pay of the Duchesse. When the Duchesse had completed her plans, she sent for the Abbé and told him that, under the pretext of painting Mademoiselle Lecouvreur's miniature, he was to go to her house with a box of bonbons, offer her one, and leave the rest to Nature. Instead of doing this, the priest wrote to the actress that he had a communication of the utmost importance to make to her, and begged that she would meet him in the Luxembourg Gardens, when he would make himself known by tapping three times on his hat. Adrienne went. The Abbé revealed the whole plot to her and saved her life. Having incurred the enmity of the Duchesse, the Abbé was arrested and confined in the Bastille. As soon as she heard of it, Adrienne wrote to his father, who lived in the country, and advised him to hasten to Paris and petition Cardinal de Fleury to release his son. Great woman though Madame de Bouillon was, the Cardinal sent for her, and asked if she was prepared to face the charges which the Abbé brought against her, for, if not, he would have to be released. The Duchesse considered discretion the better part of valour, and the Abbé was at once set free. Adrienne advised him to leave Paris without delay; but he did not do so, and in a few days he had disappeared, no one knew whither, for no one dared or cared to ask the all-powerful Duchesse so apparently trivial a question.



THE DAVID GARRICK OF THE FRENCH STAGE:
ADRIENNE LECOUVREUR.

From the Painting by Coypel.



HEARD IN THE GREEN-ROOM



ONE of the promised London theatres will not be built, or, at all events, not at present. This is the one which was to furnish the artistic home of Miss Winifred Emery and Mr. Cyril Maude when they go into management on their own account after their return from the provincial tour which they will undertake until the end of the year. Though the site had been selected for it and some of the plans made, though all the necessary capital was at Mr. Maude's disposal, yet when the present lessees of the houses which had to be torn down to find place for it came to be consulted they put up their price and made such exorbitant demands that they rendered the enterprise prohibitory.

Had Mr. Maude been so minded, he might have been the recognised manager of one of the newest and most beautifully appointed theatres in the West-End of London. He was asked to accept such a position for the proprietor at a princely salary, with a share in the profits. He felt, however, that the time had come when, as he is starting on his own account, he should be unhampered by any conditions, and he therefore refused to entertain the proposal.

When the New Year comes, the new management will be inaugurated in London on a permanent basis, to the accompaniment of the best and most cordial wishes for success on the part of every playgoer who has enjoyed the versatile and accomplished talent of Mr. and Mrs. Maude. With regard to the theatre, there have been many statements, all uninspired and all erroneous. Indeed, it is not going too far to say that the misstatements have caused Mr. Maude no little trouble and inconvenience. At first, it was confidently asserted that he had taken the Avenue. Then it was with equal confidence put forth that he had secured a lease of the

Comedy. In order to "add artistic verisimilitude to an otherwise bald and uninteresting narrative," it was stated that the latter theatre would be thoroughly renovated and re-decorated, and that the public, which had long been accustomed to seeing Mr. and Mrs. Maude act by entering the house by way of the Haymarket, need make no change in that respect, for, by means of certain structural alterations, there would be an entrance to the theatre in that thoroughfare. Such an entrance, it may be remarked in passing, would be merely in accordance with a long-contemplated arrangement. While nothing is yet decided in the way of a theatre, no one can forget that were Mr. and Mrs. Maude to go to the Comedy they would be returning to a house closely identified with their success, for under Mr. Comyns Carr's management they were at the head of the Company, and so consolidated their hold on the public that it undoubtedly led to their managerial career.

As a matter of fact, Mr. Frank Curzon has



THE ORIGINAL FI-FI AT THE PALACE: MISS ELLA SNYDER AND MISS DOROTHY DREW IN "NANCY CLANCY."

Miss Ella Snyder, the original Fi-Fi in "The Belle of New York" as presented at the Shaftesbury, began her first engagement at the Palace on Monday last in a musical comedietta, entitled "Nancy Clancy." She is supported by Mr. Harry Lambart, a chorus of "Broadway Belles," and Miss Dorothy Drew, the dancer. Miss Snyder is the standing figure.

Photograph by Bassano.

not yet decided whether he will continue to remain at the Comedy Theatre or not, and until that decision has been arrived at it is obvious that any definite statements with regard to its new lessee are premature and unauthorised. If Mr. Curzon does not continue, the theatre will probably be taken by a manager whose name has been associated with many bright plays.

In spite of all the paragraphs, Mr. Forbes-Robertson will not begin at the Scala Theatre with "Diplomacy." That idea has been abandoned, and it is Mr. Bernard Shaw's "Cæsar and Cleopatra" with which the Chevalier. Distin Maddick's beautiful theatre will be opened in September. The production will be on a magnificent scale, and, while all the cast has not been finally settled, it goes without the saying that Mr. Forbes-Robertson will be Cæsar and that Miss Gertrude Elliott will be Cleopatra. This production will only save London from being anticipated by Berlin, for the play has been translated into German and will shortly be given at the Deutsches Theater. Indeed, it would have been produced there last year but for the extraordinary success of Oscar Wilde's "Salome."

Several of the health-fads of the hour—physical exercise, deep breathing, vegetarian diet, and mental healing—are the subjects which form the basis of the appropriately named comedy, "The Faddists," which was underlined for production at the New Theatre yesterday afternoon. Realising that a skit of this light, farcical nature would lose a great deal if dragged out, its authors wisely confined the action to about an hour. It is worth noting that the Hon. Mrs. Alfred Lyttelton's *nom-de-guerre* is "Edith Balfour," and not "Edith Melville," as has been stated, and that Lady Betty Balfour's pen-name is "Elizabeth Strode."

Mr. Hayden Coffin is going to leave Mr. George Edwardes! Thus an engagement which has lasted several years will come to an end. Mr. Edwardes has notified Mr. Hayden Coffin's solicitors that, in accordance with the terms of the option in their contract, he proposes to terminate the popular singer's engagement in August. Within twenty-four hours after the news was first whispered, Mr. Hayden Coffin had received three or four offers of engagement. It is therefore unlikely that any time will elapse after he has left the Apollo before he is seen at another West-End house.

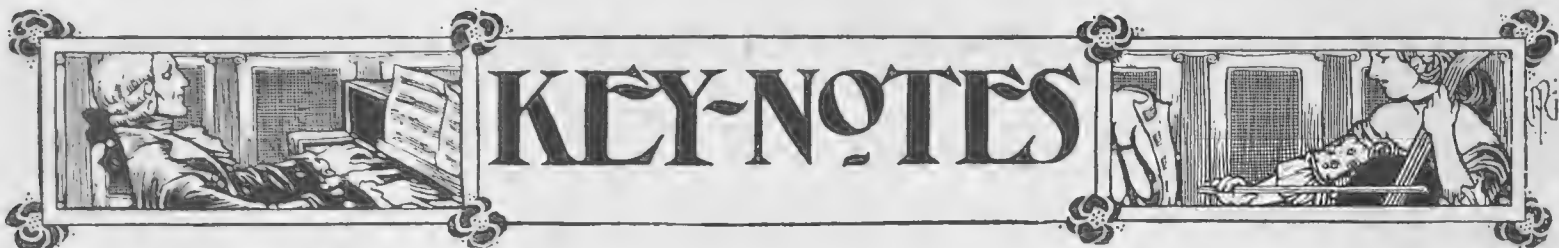
Mr. J. Bernard Fagan's last two plays have not enjoyed that measure of success which his admirers could wish. "Hawthorne, U.S.A." ran for only a fortnight at the Imperial, and after Saturday Mr. Otho Stuart will withdraw "Under which King?" from the Adelphi. On Tuesday the theatre will reopen with Mr. F. R. Benson's Company in "A Comedy of Errors," accompanied by a one-Act play, "Aylmer's Secret," by Mr. Stephen Phillips, in which Mr. Benson himself and Mr. Henry Ainley will sustain the chief parts. When last Mr. Phillips's name was associated with Mr. Benson's, it was, it need hardly be said, as a member of Mr. Benson's Company, while now he is one of the small band of authors whose plays Mr. Benson produces. Whether, however, this move is towards the enlargement of the actor-manager's repertoire by including the works of modern authors, it would, perhaps, be premature to state. Some time ago, however, Mr. Benson was known to be looking out for modern plays which he hoped to present sooner or later.



A COLISEUM STAR: MISS MARGARET ASHTON, WHO IS APPEARING IN "THE WINTER GIRL."

Miss Margaret Ashton, whose song scene, "The Winter Girl," is one of the attractions of the London Coliseum, has played many of the leading rôles in light opera in America, and has also appeared from time to time on the vaudeville stage. She has just returned from a successful tour in South Africa, and at the end of her two months' engagement at the Coliseum she will be seen at the principal West-End music-halls. After that she is booked for a provincial tour, and for a number of important Continental engagements.

Photograph by Campbell-Gray.



IN adding Mlle. Selma Kurz to the list of their artistes the Directors of Covent Garden made an especially happy move. As a beginning, one may note that Mlle. Kurz is a very charming and fascinating actress. Among singers of opera this particular detail has not always been accepted with so high an appreciation as it deserves. Wagner, however, set the proportions of singer and actor in music-drama in their right relation, and Mlle. Selma Kurz seems assuredly to appreciate this ideal, even though it is more than possible that she has never studied Wagner's prose works. In her interpretation of the part of Juliette in Gounod's opera the other evening she was not only delightfully vocal, and vocally delightful, but she also made a very great impression by the freshness and the youth of her histrionic manner, and by the easy way with which she occupied the stage. She sang the well-known Waltz of the first Act with what one would call a superlative brilliance, if one had not heard Melba in the same rôle. M. Dalmorès as Roméo was a most excellent and delightful foil to her Juliette; and Miss Parkina sang the part of the Page with great vivacity and with much purity of tone.

At the Waldorf Theatre, "La Traviata" was given, under the direction of Signor Conti, some few days ago. Mr. Henry Russell had been enterprising enough to engage the services of Madame Emma Nevada, who interpreted the part of Violetta, if not with very great freshness, at all events with much thoughtfulness. It might be argued that the character of Violetta should be of the butterfly order: that it should be sung with light-hearted feeling until the thread of tragedy is woven into the scheme of the opera. Madame Nevada certainly did not even attempt to suggest this ideal, and, indeed, at times she struck us as

being slightly heavy. Nevertheless,

so sincere and so definite was her conception of the part that one could only feel that if this was not the interpretation of one's desire, it was, at all events, an interpretation of intelligence and significance. Signor Angelini Fornari as Germont and Signor Pezzutti as Alfredo were, each in his own way, excellent; but we may make this comment, that Signor Pezzutti struck us as being a little too effeminate in the part of Alfredo. He himself is scarcely to blame, for the habit is one which belongs very generally to Italian singers; with something more of virility he would make a great deal more of his part.

Herr Kubelik gave what was described on his programme as his Jubilee Concert at the Queen's Hall last week. It is a somewhat regrettable fact, but a fact that must be at once stated, that Kubelik on this occasion was not by any means up to his usual mark. Whether or no he was nervous—and there

were many people in the audience who took that view—he never seemed to rouse himself to passion or to give any sort of change and variety to the Concerto by Mendelssohn which he played with the London Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Herr Ernst von Schuch. The first movement was, it may be said, quite magnificent, and this by reason of the fact that the Orchestra was so sensitive under the Conductor that there was not a particle of light or shade which seemed to escape their notice. Herr von Schuch played wonders with his band, but it was not until they had really been enlivened during the Concerto—for Kubelik seemed literally to damp their spirits—that they awakened to their real task.

Mlle. Bauermeister has been for so long, for so many years, what Browning would call a prominently unprominent figure at Covent Garden Opera, and has been so popular with everybody, that, on the occasion of her Farewell to the public, it is delightful to note that Madame Melba has organised a Benefit Matinée at the Opera on the afternoon of July 12. On this occasion the first two Acts of "Roméo et Juliette" will be performed, in which Melba herself will be associated in the part of Juliette with Mlle. Bauermeister in the part of Gertrude. A very important cast has also been arranged for this performance, in which M. Dalmorès will take the part of Roméo and which M. Messenger will conduct. Later in the afternoon, the third Act of "La Bohème" will be given, with Melba, once more superb in her generosity, in the part of Mimi. Miss Parkina will on this occasion take the part of Musetta, Caruso that of Rodolpho, and Scotti that of Marcello; the Conductor in this case will be Mr. Campanini. It can scarcely be necessary to say that the good wishes of the musical public will go forth to Mlle.

Bauermeister in her retirement

from the stage. Her methods in her singing and in her acting have always been delicate and refined; she has always known her own exact limitations, and within that boundary-line she has kept herself so steadfastly that year by year the public has grown to admire a singer and an artist who never attempted to soar beyond the limits of her own ambition.

The little opera entitled "L'Oracolo," the music of which is by Franco Leoni, the composer of "Ib and Little Christina," is announced for this evening (Wednesday) at Covent Garden. We write with the pianoforte score before us, and the work, much more elaborate than any which Signor Leoni has yet produced, belongs to that neo-Italian school of which mention has often been made in this column. It is distinctly original, even though one may see here and there just a flavour of Tosti. As to its actual performance, one must leave it for the moment; but, if prophecy goes for anything, it seems, as far as the present writer is concerned, that it should be a real and genuine success.



A FAMOUS RUSSIAN CONTRALTO:
MLLE. ROSA OLITZKA.

Mlle. Olitzka, who gave a most successful song recital at the Bechstein Hall last week, is equally at home on the concert platform and in Wagnerian opera. She made her debut at Covent Garden some six or seven years ago, appearing as Elsa in "Lohengrin," and her reputation has been steadily growing from that time.

Photograph by Wigram.



A BANK-CLERK COMPOSER: MR. VINCENT THOMAS, WHOSE "GWENEVERE" IS TO BE PRODUCED IN THE AUTUMN.

Mr. Vincent Thomas, who is a native of Wrexham, Denbigh, came to London twelve and a-half years ago, entered the London and Westminster Bank, and began to study music seriously under Dr. J. M. Ennis, now Principal of Adelaide University. Six years ago he wrote the libretto and music of an opera entitled "Eos and Gwenvril," which was produced by the Orchestral Society, of which Mr. Thomas has been Conductor since it started some eight years ago. The book of the Celtic Music-Drama, "Gwenevere," was specially written by Mr. Ernest Rhys, and Mr. Thomas has devoted two years and a half to the task of setting it to music. The theme is the story of Gwenevere and King Arthur, Mordred and Sir Launcelot, Merlin and Morgan Le Fay.

Photograph by the London Stereoscopic Company.



MR. MANCINELLI'S SUCCESSOR AT
COVENT GARDEN:
MR. CLEOFONTE CAMPANINI.

The production of "La Bohème" on Saturday marked the last occasion on which Mr. Mancinelli will be seen at the Royal Opera House this season, the eminent Conductor having accepted a two months' operatic engagement at Rio de Janeiro. Mr. Campanini, who conducted the recent Italian-Opera Season in Paris, is taking Mr. Mancinelli's place at Covent Garden.

Photograph by Farischi, Artico, and Co.

COMMON CHORD.



CONTINENTAL TOURS AND THE MOTOR UNION—RUBBER V. COCOANUT-FIBRE MATS—PRINCESS CHRISTIAN'S NEW MOTOR—
SPEED-TRIALS—TYRE-REPAIRS DURING RACING.

TO those who contemplate a Continental automobile tour, and blench at the thought of bother with the Customs, numbering, driving examination, and so on, I strongly recommend membership of the Motor Union, as a safe and easy delivery from all their troubles. Having paid the guinea fee, the Motor Union member is entitled to ask for such aid and advice from the secretary as will wholly smooth his path before him when he reaches the other side. If resource is had to that obliging official, Mr. Rees Jeffreys, 119, Piccadilly, the duty payable on the entry of the car into France, and returnable on its exit, can be deposited with the Union, and much trouble saved when quitting the country. Further, the Union will arrange for the examination of the car and the examination of the driver, for the issue of the circulation-permit and the driving-certificate, with the least possible loss of time and inconvenience. If Havre is selected as the port of debarkation, the Union gives instructions to an agent, who meets the car on the quay and makes all the arrangements. The convenience of all this is well worth the guinea, to say nothing of the other advantages of membership of the Motor Union.

Rubber mats of various descriptions are in general use for covering the footboards of cars, and, when kept nicely pipeclayed,



A RIVAL TO THE MOTOR-BUS: ONE OF THE MOTOR-TRAMS IN THE GROUNDS OF THE LIÈGE EXHIBITION.

The always more or less dilapidated roads of Belgium not lending themselves to the motor-bus, it is proposed to lay down motor-tramways. In order to demonstrate the advantages of such vehicles, the Decauville Company is running a service in the grounds of the Liège Exhibition. The motors fitted to the trams are two-cylinder Decauvilles, yielding 16 h.p.

Photograph by "Topical Press."

look very smart indeed. But the pipeclaying is a messy job, and the neat appearance of the mats is wrecked by the first pair of muddy boots to come in contact with them. A far better covering is a fitted mat made of cocoanut fibre, with or without a border. The mat should be made with a good, deep pile, when its comfort and its really wonderful effect in reducing mechanical noise and deadening vibration will be a matter for surprise. Moreover, such mats look every bit as smart as rubber, are easily and quickly cleaned by beating, and give the vehicle an inviting look of comfort. There are several institutions for the blind at which the making of such mats is undertaken.

Her Royal Highness Princess Christian delights in motoring, and, as I have reason to know, is more than pleased with the 24 horse-power Thornycroft supplied to her through Mr. Oliver Stanton, who is the trusted adviser of so many of our Royal personages in matters of this kind. The Thornycroft automobile is an immensely improved car, and as a touring vehicle ranks with anything made on this or the other side of the Channel. I am not alone in the hope that Messrs. Thornycroft and Sons will some day turn their attention to the production of a racing-car. If they took the matter up seriously, they ought, with all their facilities, to put something in line which would go far to uphold the honour of this country.

The recent speed-trials at Bexhill aroused but little excitement on the part of the public present at that ready-made seaside resort, and until those who promote such events take thought to make them of more general interest no enthusiasm will be aroused. In all the automobile speed-meetings I have attended at present, the stage waits have been of woeful duration and no serious attempt has been made to keep the onlookers properly posted as to results. We were promised much at the Blackpool meeting last year, but except when the racing-cars were hurrying down the Front the large concourse of onlookers was obviously bored. Results and their value should be served hot and hot to the crowd, if automobile racing on sea-fronts, sea-sands, and other places where folks take their pleasure is to catch on.

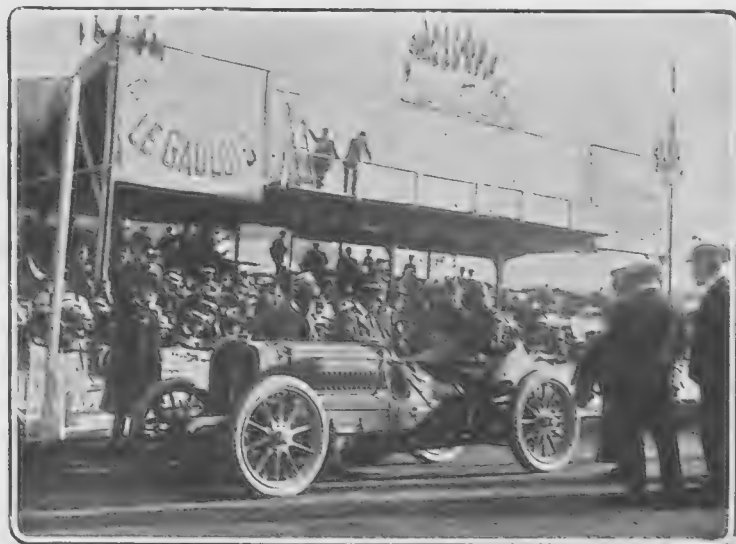
Tyre-repairs on a touring-car and tyre-repairs to racing-cars when a race like the late French trials is afoot are two very different things. The former is a tedious and carefully performed operation, the latter a matter of lightning-like rapidity. The car is not stopped where the tyre-failure occurs, but is driven on as fast as possible to the nearest roadside tyre-dépôt. As soon as the car heaves in sight, the driver, by pre-arranged signals, conveys his requirements, and the new cover and tube are ready before he stops. Skilled men rush at the car and cut away the ruined cover with knives. The car is lifted on to a jack, and the cover and tube installed with wonderful rapidity and inflated by the attachment of a compressed-air bottle to the valve. The whole job occupies but six or seven minutes.



A NEW TYPE OF MOTOR-VESSEL: THE "STRAIGHT LINE" BOAT.

There has just been built in Belgium a motor-boat which defies the hitherto accepted theories of motor-launch design. The vessel, which is driven by a four-cylinder 50-h.p. motor, is wedge-shaped above water, tapering from a wide, flat stern to a sharp point forward. Her speed is great, but her seaworthiness still remains to be proved.

Photograph by "Topical Press."



THE WINNER OF THE FRENCH ELIMINATING TRIALS FOR THE GORDON-BENNETT RACE: THÉRY ON HIS RICHARD-BRASIER.

Théry, the favourite, covered the four rounds of the course in 7 hours 34 minutes 49.15 seconds, driving, that is to say, at the rate of a fraction under forty-five miles an hour. Cailliois, also on a Richard-Brasier, was second in 7 hours 43 minutes 11 seconds; Duray, on a De Dietrich, was third in 7 hours 44 minutes 47 seconds.

Photograph by Branger.

THE WORLD OF SPORT

ASCOT — GOODWOOD — THE ECLIPSE STAKES — TOUTS.

AND so Ascot has come and gone once more. The meeting of 1905 will long be remembered on account of the going having been better than it had been for years past, and also on account of the improvements made in the road from the station to the course. The covered way is certainly a big find, and it is now easy to go from London to Ascot and enjoy a day's racing in a deluge without getting at all wet. I am sorry to hear that Major Clement, the popular Clerk of the Course, who has always been a champion reformer, is far from well, and wish him a speedy recovery. The Royal Procession was, if anything, more representative than usual this year, and it was a very pretty spectacle. The racing was capital, which goes to prove that owners will run their horses for prizes worth the winning. Black Arrow was far and away the best two-year-old seen on the Heath, and he will be the winter favourite for next year's Derby. Bachelor's Button was lucky to win the Gold Vase, but Sandboy won the Ascot Stakes on his merits. The chief event of the week from the speculators' point of view was the race for the Royal Hunt Cup. This attracted the usual huge field to the post, but the defeat of Sir Daniel was a great blow to backers in general, although Andover was well supported by West Country sportsmen. His owner is a good patron of both racing and coursing.

Many of the higher lights of Society do not have anything to do with racing after the finish of the Goodwood Meeting, as yachting and the grouse, partridges, and pheasants occupy their time from the 12th of August until the cub-hunting season commences. True, some of the more ardent spirits give Doncaster a turn, and religiously attend Newmarket to see the races for the Cesarewitch and Cambridgeshire run. But, as I have said before, the Bohemians draw the line at Goodwood. The racing to be held on the Ducal track on Aug. 1 and following days promises well. The turf just now is of the consistency of a velvet-pile carpet. Indeed, come hail, come snow, come frost, come sunshine, the track is always perfect, and it is quite as good after the four days' racing as it is at the start of the meeting. This year Her Majesty the Queen will occupy her old position at the Lawn end of the Grand Stand, and the Members' Enclosure will be enlarged by utilising the space running towards the paddock and post-office. Sport, though not over-pretentious, will be of sufficient interest to



AN AUSTRALIAN LADY WHO IS TO ATTEMPT TO SWIM THE CHANNEL:
MISS ANNETTE KELLERMANN.

Miss Kellermann, the champion lady swimmer and diver of Australia, made her first appearance in this country at the Westminster Baths last week. She is to make an attempt to swim the Channel, and has already to her credit swims of five miles and ten miles and a quarter in excellent time.

Photograph by Sears.

attract racegoers in their thousands, and I am told that the hotel accommodation in Brighton, Southsea, and the intervening towns has been engaged for the whole of the Sussex fortnight.

The Eclipse Stakes will be the next big event to attract the attention of racegoers, and it is expected that Cicero will win, as the French horses are *hors de combat*. I think Lord Rosebery did well to take his colt out of his Ascot engagements. I fancy Cicero would have to put his best foot forward to beat Cherry Lass in the St. Leger. Indeed, the race on the Doncaster Town Moor should this year be worth witnessing, as His Majesty is likely to be present. The crowd will be a record one, and the only pity is that the King does not possess a three-year-old good enough to run in the race. It is, of course, just possible that M. Blanc may supply a fancied candidate for the St. Leger, but I very much doubt it. Further, I should take Cicero and Cherry Lass to beat the best French three-year-olds were the latter fit and well. I think Cherry Lass should be run very tenderly—I mean, she ought not to start for all her engagements, or as a four-year-old she will be worth nothing for racing purposes. Sceptre went off owing to having been overworked as a three-year-old.

Some of the horse-watchers are men of great ability. I know of a man at Newmarket who sends to some evening papers the arrivals, trials, and gallops. He is a most reliable man, and a capital judge of form and condition. There used to be a tout at a well-known training establishment in the West of England who for a series of years foretold nearly every big winner sent out from the stable he represented. But at times enterprise does more harm than good to a backer. For instance, when William Day trained at Woodyates, a training establishment owned by the good Earl of Shaftesbury, he tried Don Fulano to beat Foxhall easily for the Cesarewitch. The local tout was able to wire the result of the trial to town just on the eve of the closing of the local tele-

graph-office. Some of us traded on the secret to a purpose, as we thought, only to find next morning that Don Fulano's leg had "filled" directly after the trial, and the horse was eventually scratched. It is ancient history to tell how easily the beaten horse in the trial, Foxhall, captured the double event. Strange to add, only one of our party would have Foxhall after the trial, and he, a well-known sporting journalist, took a long double-event wager.

CAPTAIN COR.



CRICKET IN IRELAND: DUBLIN UNIVERSITY PAST AND PRESENT VERSUS AUSTRALIA.

The Australians visited Dublin last week for the first time since 1880, and had no difficulty in outplaying their opponents. The scores were: Australia, first innings, 232; second, 276. Dublin University, first innings, 141; second, 136.

Photograph by D'Arcy.

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

ONE might transpose an old truism with one hardly less obvious in remarking, "La femme propose et le temps dispose," in view of, among other things, the disappointments to which poor womankind is subject in this capricious climate. Of all social functions in the twelvemonth, Ascot counts first as an occasion for the exploitation of frocks and furbelows. A Royal garden-party of

book-muslin; while three-quarter lace coats, or of broderie Anglaise, the pattern outlined in tiny Valenciennes, are also *une haute nouveauté*, and, worn over the delicately toned, much-flounced taffetas skirt of the moment, look infinitely *chic*. Of the newly reintroduced flounce veil one did not observe many, people seeming to prefer the always becoming feather boa or chiffon scarf with which to adorn their necks in preference to the loosely flowing lace veil.

The extremely acute angle at which fashion perches our *chapeaux* this season inevitably produces a hiatus beneath the brim with those whose crop of hair is not preternaturally luxuriant. Milliners, like Nature, abhorring a vacuum, have hit upon the excellent expedient of retailing curls to their customers, and several friends of mine have been fitted out with these invaluable addenda (*en suite* with their own locks, of course) which go to complete the fascination of the uptilted hat. While attending with more than pious care to matters millinery, many women still seem to forget that their faces are still more matters of moment and require every whit as much attention. This should not be, and need not be, if the importance of occasionally consulting a specialist—like Mrs. Pomeroy, for example—were realised. Hygienic facial treatment, electrolysis, and all rational and scientific aids to beauty are administered at 29, Old Bond Street, and the various Pomeroy establishments throughout the provinces, Ireland, and even as far as Cape Town. A hair-stimulant of Mrs. Pomeroy's has since its recent introduction made a distinct success. Her Russian Steam-Bath is so well known that those who have not used it are in a regrettable minority. A new face-powder which should be in every



[Copyright.]

A SMART RACE-COAT.

six thousand invitations, or even a Sandown Club Meeting of quite as many souls and bodies, does not include all the women who can nowadays afford themselves Paris frocks. So to these as well as the others Ascot is the great sartorial opportunity, and to be baulked on this standard, not to say classic, occasion by mere weather is provocation indeed. Many were the gowns prepared for Tuesday, but greater still was the number of mackintoshes worn. Wednesday's half-gale created havoc among the picture-hats, and brought confusion to many a carefully coiffured head, notwithstanding that the rain kept off. Life is full of little ironies, to which even an Ascot Meeting is liable, but, for all that, the Lawn and Enclosure presented a gay scene on Cup-day, and there were worn toilettes of a beauty and cost which would have astonished those good dames who first frequented the newly inaugurated course in the days of good Queen Anne. White seemed more in evidence than any other colour last week, and among divers dazzling creations in that colour, embroidered muslins, elaborately garnished with lace incrustations of what may be called a semi-detached character, were the most admirable and admired. One frock, for instance, of white book-muslin over white silk, was trimmed with flights of white embroidered butterflies, the wings of which stood out in relief. Trails of partially attached white lace fuchsia-blossoms adorned another gown of the same material, while a third and perhaps more lovely one was trimmed with white embroidered dog-roses, every leaf and petal daintily embroidered and showing up clear and distinct from the background, which was in this case mousseline-de-soie instead of the even newer



[Copyright.]

AN UP-TO-DATE TAILOR-MADE.

summer-girl's toilet repertoire, if she wishes to duly attract as summer-girls should, is another addition to Mrs. Pomeroy's long and excellent list of specialities. Of her Skin Food much has been said in praise, but never too much.

It used to be a reproach that Englishwomen booted themselves untidily, had elephantine extremities, and either turned their toes too much in or out. Without entering into the latter accusations, one

can, at least, deny the former, for whatever our forbears of the cashmere and elastic-sides era did with their foot-coverings, we of the present have no excuses for being badly shod, and the average Englishwoman of the moment is as careful of her pedal perfections as of her well-coiffured head. A special opportunity for acquiring really "high-class" boots and shoes occurs in the Mayfair Shoe Company's sale, which begins on July 1. Exquisitely shaped hand-sewn boots and shoes, for hunting, walking, and dancing variously, are to be had at quite nominal prices; so it is really an occasion not to be overlooked by those desirous of acquiring quite super-excellent foot-gear at the price of ordinary machine-made undesirables! It should be noted that 9, Vere Street, is the only address.

A most seasonable illustration is furnished by our artist in the race-coat sketched, which is of palest putty-colour done in that charming soft and light sort of silk known as taffetas velours. The braiding, done in gold and several pale shades of fawn, gives character to the coat, which is becomingly ample in skirt and sleeves. Another pretty, uncommon, and useful frock for morning wear is a tailor-made of dull powder-blue cloth of very light texture, trimmed with black taffetas revers and belt, with picture-hat to match. Chiffons may come and gauzes may go, but the cloth tailor-made goes on for ever.

Staying with some country folk last week-end where gas was not and electric-light unobtainable, I was struck with the absolutely perfect system of lighting the dinner-table, and the soft, clear, steady effect obtained. Never had such pretty and uncommon results in silk shades met my regard before, and, in a word, the combined effects of light and shades simply spelt perfection. Of course, one asked the how and where—to be informed that Clarke's Pyramid Lights were responsible for it all. Next day in town saw several of the house-party at 137, Regent Street, where dozens of different and variously charming designs for lighting dinner-tables were exploited for their benefit and admiration. One of the daintiest was a scheme of tulip-shaped silk shades, in lovely blending tones of pink and tea-rose colour, with flowers in corresponding tones. A delicious effect was obtainable. People in want of the eternal new idea in dinner-tables should absolutely go to Clarke's.

Messrs. Peter Robinson, of Oxford Street, and 256 to 264, Regent Street, have just issued catalogues of summer sales at their premises. One of these is entitled the "Sale of the Season," and deals with the Oxford Street branch; the other is devoted to the Regent Street branch. Both give information with regard to a number of very special bargains in all departments. Special note is made that very many fresh and new goods are on view. The sale begins on Monday, July 3 next, and continues daily throughout the month. Those of our readers who are in search of really first-rate goods at extensive reductions should certainly visit Messrs. Peter Robinson's.

SYBIL.

Twin Aristocrats. Debrett can point to quite a number of aristocratic twin brothers, a fact recalled by the birthday of the third Earl of Durham and his twin brother and heir-presumptive, the Hon. Frederick William Lambton. The two-year-old sons of Viscount Ikerrin, heir to the Earldom of Carrick, are also twins; as are Earl Percy, heir-presumptive to the Duke of Somerset, and his brother, Lord Ernest St. Maur, two of the Earl of Daihousie's brothers, the Hon. Charles and the Hon. Ronald Ramsay, Lord Malmesbury and his heir-presumptive, the Hon. Alexander Charles Harris, and the Hon. Francis and the Hon. Edgar Weld Forester, sons of Lord Forester.

Royal Japan. It would seem as if Prince and Princess Arisugawa are to have more pleasing weather than befell our last Royal guest, the King of Spain. A long list of brilliant festivities has been arranged in honour of their Royal Highnesses. Yesterday (27th) the Japan Society held a reception, at which the guests were bidden to meet the Prince and Princess. To-day, Viscount Hayashi gives a great reception in their honour; and on Friday the Lord Mayor will offer them one of those magnificent luncheons at the Guildhall which are the glory of the Corporation. It is to be hoped that, before going to the luncheon, the Prince and Princess will be shown the Trooping of the Colour—one of the prettiest and most brilliant sights ever seen in the Metropolis if only the clerk of the weather be kind.

THE CLUBMAN.

The Westminster Cadets—The King and Queen at Harrow—Harrow Songs.

THAT poor Army of ours always seems to be in trouble. Even the Cadets are drawn into a squabble. The Westminster and Charterhouse cricket-match takes place on July 1. The date was fixed long beforehand, and to alter it would cause an immense amount of inconvenience. July 1 is the date on which the great review of Cadets is to be held in Hyde Park, and the Earl of Meath suggested to the Headmaster of Westminster that the school Volunteer Corps should parade in Hyde Park instead of watching the match. This the worthy Doctor thought was not a good arrangement; and the correspondence on both sides acquired a certain amount of acerbity, the Earl letting the dominie know that they were patriots at Eton in his days and would have given up a cricket-match for a review without a sigh.

I think, myself, that the Doctor is right and the Earl wrong. There is no such fierce patriotism as that which a boy feels for his school during an encounter with the especial and powerful rival with which the cricket or football team does battle once a year. Nothing in the world would have made up to me for the disappointment of not going to Lord's to see the Eton and Harrow match, and such a deprivation was one of the severest punishments known at Harrow, minor offenders being allowed to see the match, though they had to answer their names to a master at intervals.

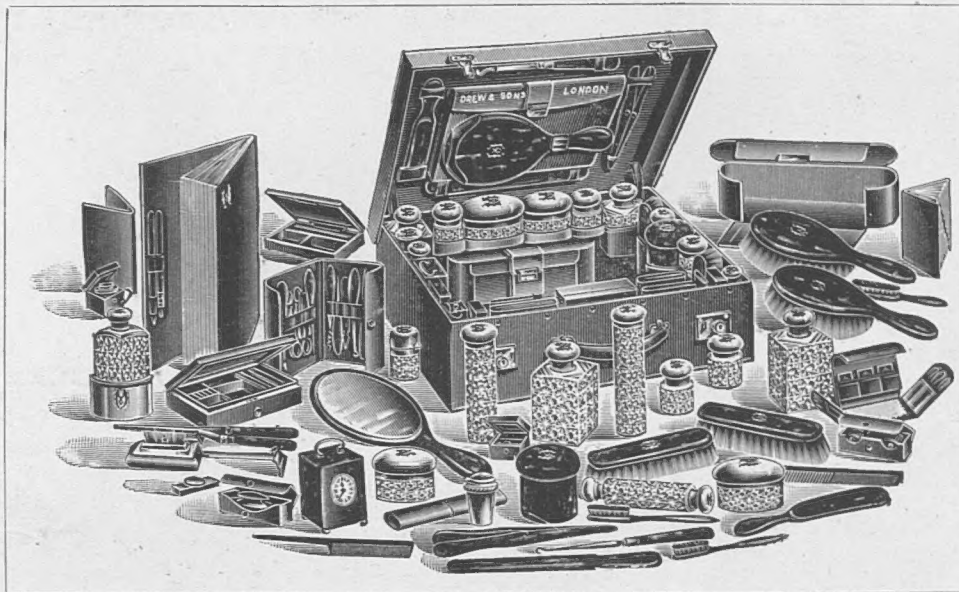
When the King and Queen go to Harrow on Friday they will be presented with an address by the school and Old Harrovians in "Speecher," and will be most lustily sung at. Had Mr. Farmer, the music-master who composed most of the airs, been alive this would have been the proudest moment of his life. He was a man desperately in earnest, this good-natured German who undertook to make every boy in a school of five hundred sing, and who succeeded, in spite of some of his choristers being very difficult to manage. His patience was unlimited. After some ear-tearing rendering of "Underneath the Briny Sea," or some other very simple song,

he would take off his glasses and wipe them, mop his bald head, and suggest that he and his young friends should have another try.

His most sublime moments were, however, when he conducted the orchestra at the school concerts. It was an orchestra made up of very mixed materials. Some of the masters played in it, the flute-playing of one being excellent, and there was a rather uncertain cohort of youthful violins. At one concert I was entrusted with the important post of bass-drum. It had only to be beaten once, but I sat all the concert through, with my eye on Mr. Farmer, determined not to be taken unawares.

He found an admirable poet in Mr. Bowen, the master of the modern side, and the two worked admirably together. Each school concert produced some new song dealing with some side of school life. There was nothing which had not its poetical side to Mr. Bowen. "Forty Years On," "Willow the King," and "Fairies" are sung now in every English-speaking school in the world, and the first is a rival to the Eton boating-song in popularity. I have heard it started at a camp-fire on the veldt, and there was scarcely a man of the rapsallions who lay round who did not know words and air.

"Willow the King" is the most successful cricketing-song ever composed. It is a curious fact that cricketing-songs are not, as a rule, successes. When the Old Stagers gave a performance at St. George's Hall in aid of the fund for providing playing-fields for the London poor, they were particularly anxious to secure a good cricketing-song for the epilogue, and so they turned to Mr. Clement Scott, the virile song-writer, whose style they thought should suit the subject admirably. He assented with pleasure, but told his friends that no cricket-song yet ever had been a success. He wrote an excellent song, but it did not live, and I cannot recall any cricketers' song, except "Willow the King," which has had more than an ephemeral existence.



A BEAUTIFUL DRESSING-CASE IN OLIVE-GREEN ALLIGATOR-SKIN.

The fittings of the beautiful dressing-case here illustrated are of crystal glass in the Louis XVI. style, and are mounted with gold, each top bearing a monogram. The brushes, manicure-case, etc., are of the finest amber tortoiseshell. The case, which is necessarily costly-valued, in fact, at several hundred pounds—was manufactured by Messrs. Drew and Sons, 33, 35, and 37, Piccadilly Circus, W., to the order of a leader of Parisian Society.

CITY NOTES.

The Next Settlement begins on July 11.

IDLE AND WEAK MARKETS.

ALTHOUGH the scare over Morocco has subsided to some extent, markets in Paris are by no means cheerful, and the gravity of the situation a few days ago is freely admitted. Of troubles there seems no end, for the Austro-Hungarian dispute is fast reaching an acute stage, which more than discounts the prospects of peace in the Far East and any improvement in the Franco-German relations. Austria has long been recognised as a danger-spot to the peace of Europe, but most people hoped that nothing untoward would happen as long as the Emperor Francis Joseph lived, an expectation which seems hardly likely to be realised. With all these disturbing elements at work, and the French investor up to his neck in Russian securities at prices far higher than are now ruling, it is hardly to be expected that markets would be other than what they have been during the last week, namely, idle and weak.

INVESTMENT MARKETS.

Everyone whose business takes him to the City will be heartily thankful when June has departed, and removed at least one cause for inaction of markets. Window-dressing there will always be, and the anxiety to make bank-balances look big at the end of the quarter—especially of those quarters which terminate the half-years—militates against the employment of capital in Stock Exchange departments. The political outlook at home and abroad will then remain the principal factor, for there is a pretty general opinion that the war in the

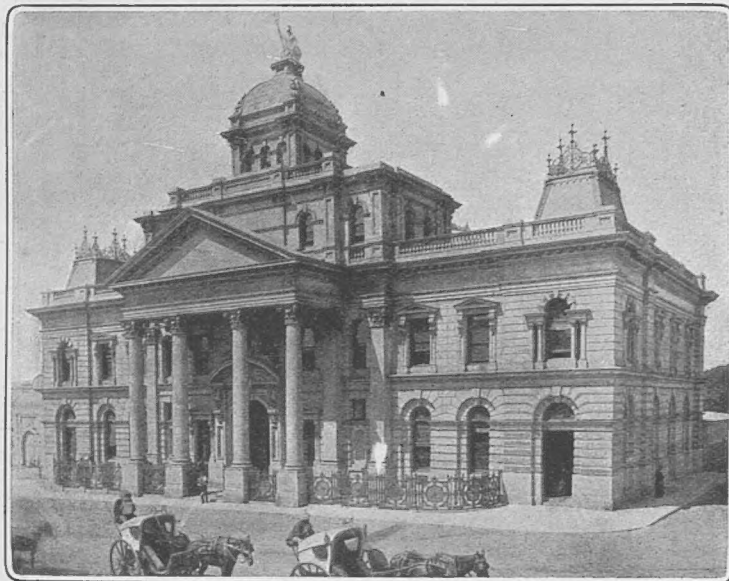
Extreme East will possibly drag on for another few months. If it does, Japan must have more money, because the various series of 6 per cent. Exchequer bonds now floating about the market between the values of 93 and 95 cannot possibly provide the Japanese with all the necessary sinews of war. Russia, no doubt, will also require another loan, while at home and abroad there are voracious borrowers eager to testify to Mr. Edgar Speyer's doctrine of extravagance by appealing for more and ever more money.

Money may grow cheaper, and thereby counteract the demands for it that will arise from all sides as soon as the public appetite for investments shows any sign of reviving. There is plenty of capital available even now, but the owners hesitate to use it in markets so nervous and unsettled. On the other hand, those who are waiting for yet lower prices may be reminded that it is when things look very dull that recovery is nearest, and this may turn out to be the case at the present time.

BANKS AND BANK SHARES.

Though within a few days of the end of the half-year, when dividends are fully accrued, Bank shares have no more life in them than other investment securities. To some extent, this is accounted for by the general supposition that the distributions for the current six months are not at all likely to show improve-

ment over those for the corresponding period, while, in some few cases, a slightly diminished dividend would give rise to no astonishment. The banks and discount-houses have enjoyed but a moderately fair half-year. New issues came with a rush in February and March, but not in sufficient quantity to make any appreciable difference to profits except possibly as regards the London and Westminster and the Union of London and Smiths



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banks. Proprietors in the former bank should be especially grateful for whatever help comes from such directions.

The Canadian and Colonial banks will probably come out of the period with more favourable showings than those to be made by the English institutions. The Bank of Montreal and the Standard Bank of South Africa have been exceptionally fortunate in the matter of new issues, and the Standard Bank may be trusted to repeat its last dividend of 45s. per share when the accounts appear in the autumn. At the current quotation the return works out to over 5½ per cent. on the money; and with the prospect of returning activity to South Africa, the natural probability is that the bank will share in whatever measure of prosperity may descend upon the Colony.

AMERICANS AS A CONTRAST.

When other markets round the Stock Exchange were plunged into the depth of depression a few days ago, Americans not only maintained an even keel, but sailed away on their own account into yet more favourable waters for the holders of shares. This movement does not seem entirely explained by the substantial bear position said to be ruling in Wall Street. It looks rather as though the othersiders were taking the precaution to get in before the advent of the autumn boom so persistently prophesied. The advance in prices may be hard to vindicate simply on the ground of intrinsic merits as shown in the traffics, since the latter have been nothing exceptional for several months past. The declaration of a dividend upon Ontarios of 1½ per cent. was made the reason explanatory of the recent boomlet in the shares, but there is considerable doubt whether the payments can be kept up in future, and, even if they are, the

dividend will have to be sharply increased to make these hundred-dollar shares worth a few points over half their nominal value. We should say that the American improvement is mainly due to discounting a possible future boom, but there is no denying the fact that the market looks a strong one, and as though it would go still better. Unions continue the prime leader, and give the cue to Southern Pacifics in particular and to the whole market in general. Of the speculative investment shares, Atchison Common are the most promising, but a good deal of attention has fallen upon Canadian Pacifics. Cautious authorities deprecate the impression that the Company will pay an additional 1 per cent. for the current half-year, grounding their belief upon the large amount of extra Ordinary share-capital—some seventeen million dollars—ranking for dividend for the first time. But there is quite as strong an idea that the Canadian Pacific stockholders will probably get a dividend at the rate of 7 per cent. in September, and certainly in next March.

OF MINES IN GENERAL.

In a time when everything is dull, it was only to be expected that the Mining department would fully reflect the general depression. Kaffirs, despite the crop of dividends—mostly satisfactory in amount—have been exceptionally weak, on account of Paris selling. Shares have not been pressed for sale on this side, but, even with the Central Trust to help, the effect of the French clearance was more than our market could resist, especially as the public has steadily refused to lend any support. De Beers have been prominently weak, and even the declaration of the 10s. dividend could not prevent a considerable fall, in which, to a less extent,

[Continued on Page XX.



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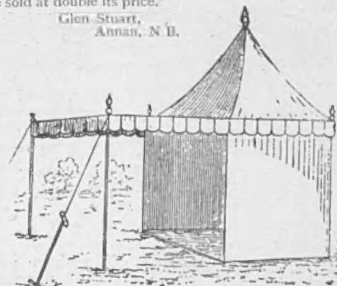
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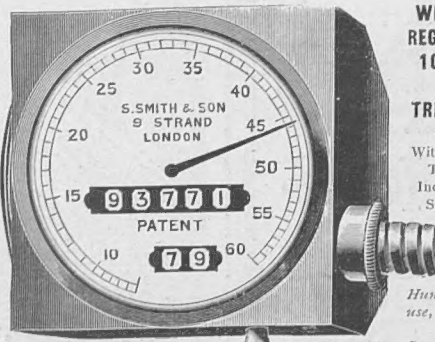
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